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THE PLEASURES OF POETRY

FIRST SERIES

By Edith Sitwell

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY

A CRITICAL ANTHOLOGY

First Series: MILTON AND THE AUGUSTAN AGE

In Preparation—

Second Series: THE ROMANTIC REVIVAL

Third Series: THE VICTORIAN AGE

THE
PLEASURES OF POETRY

A CRITICAL ANTHOLOGY

BY

EDITH SITWELL

FIRST SERIES

MILTON AND THE AUGUSTAN AGE

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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

I HAVE had no settled plan in making this collection of poems; they are arranged by no rule, and my only excuse for the book is that, to enliven a tiresome illness of three months' duration, I longed to gather together some poems that I loved; and so I have picked them, with delight, as one picks wild flowers, and have made them into a country bunch.

I have seized, for the most part, those poems which do not, as a rule, appear in anthologies —though some are invariable to all; but, even so, how many of the less-quoted poems that I love, have had to be omitted.

My friend and publisher, Mr. Thomas Balston, for instance, that most charming, but at the same time most regrettably obstinate of men, has forbidden me (in such a way that I am helpless) to quote the whole of *Paradise Lost* giving, as an excuse, the fact that it is "too long," as if it *could* be too long!

This, the first book of my collection, starts with Milton and the far lesser but exquisite Herrick, and ends with Christopher Smart. I did not choose to begin with the Elizabethan age, for had I done so I should have been faced with difficulties about Shakespeare. Mr. Balston would have found *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *The Winter's Tale* " too long." And there would have been the usual struggle. Had I been content merely with quoting the lovely scene in front of the Shepherd's Cottage from *The Winter's Tale*, it would have been an outrage to take it from its context. But how could an anthology dealing with the poetry of that time omit this ? Again, the songs, when taken from their context, are dwarfed, and it is, to my feeling, desecration to separate the sonnets, and to take them from their exact place. The pattern is broken—the Parthenon is in ruins.

There have been many difficulties with regard to the choice of actual poems. Were I to place my poets, not according to the time of their lives, but according to the century to which their work *appears* to belong, I should quote much from the little-known George Peele ; for much of his poetry has a

late seventeenth-century, or early eighteenth-century flavour, and he experiments technically, with results which are nearly modern, in the effect of alliteration, assonance, and dissonance. How beautiful, for instance, is the effect of the alliteration in this scene from *The Battle of Alcazar:*

Enter MULY MAHAMET *with flesh upon his sword.*

THE MOOR:

Hold thee, Calipolis, feed, and faint no more;
This flesh I forcéd from a lioness,
Meat for a princess, for a princess meet:
Learn by her noble stomach to esteem
Penury plenty in extremest dearth;
Who, when she saw her foragement bereft,
Pined not in melancholy or childish fear,
But as brave minds are strongest in extremes,
So she, redoubling her former force,
Ranged through the woods, and rent the breeding vaults
Of proudest savages to save herself.
Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis;
For rather than fierce Famine shall prevail
To gnaw thine entrails with her thorny teeth,
The conquering lioness shall attend on thee,
And lay huge heaps of slaughter'd carcasses,
As bulwarks in her way, to keep her back.

I will provide thee of a princely osprey,
That as she flieth over fish in pools
The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all :
Jove's stately bird with wide-commanding wings
Shall hover still about thy princely head,
And beat down fowl by shoals into thy lap :
Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis.

CALIPOLIS :

Thanks, good my lord, and though my stomach be
Too queasy to digest such bloody meat,
Yet, strength I it with virtue of my mind,
I doubt no whit but I shall live, my lord.

THE MOOR :

Into the shades, then, fair Calipolis,
And make thy son and negroes here good cheer :
Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe
With strength and terror, to revenge our wrong
[*Exeunt.*

Through the whole passage, the water-sliding sound of the reiterated "Calipolis" and the alliterative scheme of F's, transport one, with the deeply shaded sound, to the water-sounding shadow of some Moorish garden—its lion-throated waterfalls, its heroic trees. Peele's strange rhythmical effects are gained, not only by alliteration, but by a

complete knowledge of the effect of schemes of interchanging one-syllabled and two-syllabled words, interspersed, occasionally, with a three-syllabled word, as in these lines from *The Old Wives' Tale :*

SACRAPANT :
How now, fair Delia, where have you been ?

DELIA :
At the foot of the rock for running water, and gathering roots for your dinner, sir.

SACRAPANT :
Ah, Delia,
Fairer art thou than running water,
Yet harder far than steel or adamant.

Could any sounds be stranger, more remote, than the water-wavering sound of the first two lines ? Peele is haunted, in many of his plays and poems, by the sound of water, and by the ghost of water, and by the depth of water, as in this exquisite song from the same play (*The Old Wives' Tale*), a poem that I have never found in any anthology.

Enter ZANTIPPA *with a pitcher to the well. A Head comes up with ears of corn, and she combs them in her lap.*

VOICE :

Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.

A SECOND HEAD *comes up full of gold, which she combs into her lap.*

SEC. HEAD :

Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And every hair a sheaf shall be,
And every sheaf a golden tree.

But I am wandering from my date and from my purpose, for this book begins with Milton, and with that very odd clergyman, Robert Herrick, the boon-companion of Sir Clypseby Crew, and it finishes with poor Christopher Smart, whom Dr. Johnson visited and comforted with packets of tea when he was confined in a lunatic asylum.

The technical notes which follow are less concerned with the *structure* than with the *texture* of the poems, and the effect that texture

has on rhythm—an effect less formidable but more subtle. In reality, as I said in my book on Alexander Pope, not structure alone, but also texture, are the parents of rhythm in poetry; and variations in speed are certainly the result, not only of structure, but also of texture. Prosodists have been unable, for obvious reasons, to discuss *all* the infinitely subtle variations and fluctuations of rhythm; and people of a coarse ear or taste in poetry have seized upon this silence as to these minute fluctuations and variations as an excuse for denying or ignoring that the variations were there. Yet half the beauty and variation of English poetry is due to the prosodist's cunning and pretended deafness to the slightest of these fluctuations.

How faint they are, yet how significant—faint as the little air which comes to us from the feathers of the swan's wings as he floats upon the lake. How slight and how subtle are the changes of speed, or of depth, due to the difference in texture, and due to the fact that the English, in their cunning over the matter of poetry, have adopted the idea of equivalent syllables, that system which produces more variations than any other device. For is

it really to be supposed that two words of one syllable each equal in speed one word of two syllables? The two-syllabled words, if unweighted by heavy consonants, move far more quickly. The system, therefore, of equivalent syllables gives variation to our poetry.

Dr. Bridges reminds us that in Greek and Latin metrical equivalence was actually accepted as a fact. "And as most of our poets have been familiar with the poetry of these languages, it is likely that they may sometimes have imagined that the rule was natural to poetry in all languages, and they may have been also unconsciously affected by it for better or worse; and this, although the declared attempts to write verse on the classical system have failed." And Dr. Bridges adds that Father Gerard Hopkins had written to him, on this subject: "I cannot but hope that in your metrical paper you will somewhere distinctly state the principle of equivalence, and that it was quite unrecognized in Milton's, and still more in Shakespeare's time. All, but especially young students, need to be made clearly to understand what metrical equivalence is, that it is in use in English now, and that it was not then—and that it was Milton's

artifices, as you explain them, that helped to introduce it."

Then, again, there is the system of elision, that other device giving variation to the line. Dr. Bridges reminds us that elisions were more common in Shakespeare than in Milton, who only used four. "He allowed," says Dr. Bridges, "that all open vowels may be elided, whether long, short, double, or combined, and whether both the vowels be in the same word, or divided between two; and H is no letter."

But see the variation and the atmosphere that this gives: in such a line as

"Above the Aonian mount while it pursues"

the pretendedly elided A in Aonian gives a feeling of space and the enormous airs of heaven. . . . All elision is only play, it is only a device to give variety.

But, to continue with Dr. Bridges' statement: "The Second Rule, pure R, the first may be elided, as in the words nectarous, weltering, suffering, glimmering, etc., mineral, general, several, every, artillery, desperate, deliberate, emperor, amorous, timorous, torturer, disfiguring, measuring, etc." This again gives variety; that pretendedly elided vowel

followed by the R can give the effect of dust fluttering from the ground.

Dr. Bridges says of the Third Rule: "Unstressed vowels before pure L may be elided. . . . The chief exercise of this elision is in the termination of words, especially adjectives ending in ble."

This elision gives an almost more remarkable variety than that given by the others. Take, for instance, in such lines as this, from the Fourth Book of *Paradise Lost:*

"Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true."

This wonderful line is lengthened and weighted by the pretended elision, so that we have the feeling of an additional weight and splendour of fruit, of thicker leaves.

Again, the prosodists' pretended insensitiveness as regards the elision of the letter W as a vowel, gives variation and an additional meaning:

"Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meet"—

a line which gives us the sound of sharp tears falling, or of heavy rain or dew falling from some leafy bough, when disturbed by

the footstep of a stranger entering that enchanted sorrow.

In my belief, only those prosodists who are not poets, and who have no acute and passionate feeling for poetry—who have, indeed, only the mathematician's hatred of inexactitude—only these regard the fiction of the elided syllable as an actual *muted* syllable—excepting when it appears in the stopped heroic couplet, in Pope's work, for instance. In that case, the elided syllable is in reality elided. But, otherwise, the system of the elided syllable gives, perhaps we may say, the faintest movement, but definitely a movement, exactly like that which a leafy, flowery bough, weighted with dew, gives when it trembles with dew, and the dew falls.

When, for instance, Dr. Bridges, in his cunning love for poetry, explains that "W may be disregarded as a vowel; as in the words Power, bower, flower, shower, etc."—this is only an excuse on his part (and on the part of Milton), not to be more rigid and mathematical, but for introducing a line which is longer than other lines because of its lengthening shadows: since "flower," "shower," etc., are words, not of one syllable with an elided,

muffled, or dead syllable added, but of one and a quarter syllables. In other words, that extra fraction of a syllable throws a little shadow, and this is the *one* elision, in the stopped heroic couplet, which is fictional. (Elisions in the stopped heroic couplet are unlike elisions in blank verse; they are not excuses for variety—excepting in the case of "flower," "bower," etc.—they are, with these exceptions, actual elisions, adding to the smoothness of the line.)

Dr. Bridges, so as to avoid anarchism, pretends that in the line from *Paradise Lost:*

"To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied,"

the first two words form one foot: "To'oom!" But if we read the line without this pretended elision it has a strange and majestic gait: the stress of "whom" and "thus" is equal—"thus" and the first syllable of "Portress" are dissonances, giving the idea of the Portress an extra majesty. "To whom" has the immense bronze-deep clangour and echo of Hell-gate opening and shutting, while the lightening of the last syllable in "replied"

brings the line up into the outer air, far from the majesty and splendour of Hell.

Is it likely that Milton would have used the system of elision as a means for flattening down a blank verse line (which depends, for splendour, in part on its immense and rugged variation)—Milton whose feeling for height and depth, for mountains and gulfs, for seas raging with waves, and for waves marching like heroes, was such that no variation could escape him? He had the sense of the difference between height and depth (due to texture) more than any other English poet, if we except Pope, who arrives at his heights and depths by different means. Milton has not the same feeling as Pope for the difference in texture between apple-cheek and peach-cheek. (I said in my book on Pope that his feeling for this most important matter of texture was so phenomenally sensitive that had the verses been transformed into flowers, he could have told lily from rose, buttercup from cowslip, in no matter how starless and moonless a night, merely by touching one petal.) But Milton's differences are more enormous. In one passage he can give us the fall from the heights of Heaven into the depths of Hell,

and this not only through the powers of inspiration that his genius gives to describe, but through the heaving and falling powers of the actual technical line. Pope does not do this. He goes from the heavy blundering appalling gait of a world's stupidity into the formless softness of the worm. (I say *formless*, but I do not mean that the *line* is unformed. I mean that by the actual texture, he produces a feeling of the formlessness of his subject.) Pope gives us a million ecstasies of the differences between summer air and the summer breath of wind, between the secrecy of dew falling and the poignancy of the first heavy drops of rain. And these differences are not produced by imagery, or by a change of *structure*, but by *texture*. This he does. But he does not give us, as Milton gives us, the differences between the gulfs of Hell and the meadows of Heaven—because he does not mean to. Notice Milton's control of alliteration in the Hymn to Light (from *Paradise Lost*) with which this book begins.

The use of the aspirates in the first line:

"Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!"

gives the effect of an immense, once-sleeping

force, taking again its life-breath, and casting away the dull earth-cloths of its sleep. In the vast swinging movement of

" May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,"

there is the impression of the universe surrounded by all the airs and light of eternity—this with any other poet would have fallen into irregularity, owing to the extra syllable (coming in the middle of the line, an amazing technical feat). Again, the long A in the final, and rising foot, makes the line seem even longer than its eleven syllables—yet there is no irregularity. The prosody of all this huge and primeval passage is unexpected. Milton can actually end two following lines with the word " light " without producing any feeling of monotony. In fact, it adds to the beauty.

" May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate ! "

And how wonderful is that last line—with the peacefulness created by the balance of " effluence " " essence "—a sound which makes one think of matter resolving itself into spirit.

Milton's use of alliterative aspirates seems, often, to prolong the line, so powerful is their use, as in the first two lines of the following passage from *Paradise Lost:*

" Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

The alliterative " Hurled headlong " seems to prolong the line—as though all time and space were traversed by that fall; the strong sound of " hurled," though it possesses only one syllable and an extra fraction of a syllable, so minute as to be almost inaudible, seems to my ear, for some reason, longer than the word " headlong," which, if we are meticulous, is less a word of two syllables than of one and three-quarter syllables, since the second syllable drops (I do not mean only as a falling foot drops), and is not sustained. As I said before, in " Hurled headlong flaming," the first word gives us the sense of a fall through the whole of space and time; in " headlong," the sound tosses up and down; and in " flaming " the high long A sound transfixes the soul that

has fallen, for the whole of eternity, with its strength.

A very interesting result of the system of pretended elision occurs in these lines from *Paradise Lost:*

" First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Not content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the Temple of God
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the Type of Hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's Sons,
From Aroer to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's Realm, beyond
The flowery Dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
And Elealè to the Asphaltick Pool,
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Siltim on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe."

The lines "His Temple right against the Temple of God," and "Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's Sons," owing to the system of elision, tremble as if with terror; but it is not a weak shaking—it is the shaking of a huge and smoky volcano.

After "Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's Sons," the vast and stately march continues, undisturbed.

The whole passage, too, is an instance of Milton's rhetoric, an answer to the nonsensical idea that rhetoric is not one of the parents of poetry.

The splendours of *Paradise Lost* are, in the main, more oral than visual; but they are so great that all the senses seem involved; sound becomes sight, it becomes touch. Milton varies his texture, changing it from the black and hellish pomp and magnificence of the last passage I have quoted, to the honeyed sweetness of these lines, relating to the assembling of Satan's host:

"Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive

In clusters ; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New-rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state affairs : so thick the aëry crowd
Swarmed and were straitened ; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder ! "

The beauty of this exquisite passage is due, not only to the imagery, but to the warm and varying vowel-sounds in the third, fourth and fifth lines. In these lines, Milton has made a lovely use of all the sunny, warm, dark, or dewy mixtures of O's, U's, Au's, Ou's, Ew's and Ow's, with the result that we find ourselves walking in a warm and sunny garden, where shadow seems only a passing air or perfume—a garden which is full of the bee-winged lights of afternoon, and where sight is hardly distinguishable from sound—where the bee's hum, and the sound of his rustling wings seem part of those nets of shining dew that lie about the glittering sweet-smelling flowers and the warm flushed fruit.

I only know one instance—and it seems like blasphemy to recall it—where, to my ear, Milton's sense of texture fails him. But I

may be wrong, and this feeling may come from some lack of sensitiveness in me. Still, I cannot understand how these lines found their way into the *Sonnet to the Nightingale:*

> " O Nightingale that on yon bloomy spray
> Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still."

The first line, with its assonances placed close together in the middle of the line (and thick-sounding assonances at that)—a distressing thing in a Sonnet, at least to my ear—makes me feel as if I had blundered into a puddle. The line is thickened and lengthened (slightly, perhaps, but still perceptibly) by the succeeding assonances " on—yon." These words, though ostensibly single-syllabled words, are really, to a sensitive ear, on the verge of being falling feet—whilst being not complete (from a prosodical point of view) falling feet. But the vowel is heavy and dulled, and the numb shadowing sound of the vowel echoes after the actual sound is finished.

Vowel-sounds are among the deepest prolongers of a line.

There is a beautiful instance of this skilful use of vowels to prolong a line, in the work of

a great modern poet, a young man aged at this time thirty-two. (I do not name him for the same reason that caused De Quincey, in the first edition of *The Opium Eater*, to leave a verse quoted from Wordsworth anonymous.)

"Such are the clouds.
They float with white coolness and snowy shade,
Sometimes preening their flightless feathers.
Float, proud swans, on the calm lake,
And wave your clipped wings in the azure air,
Then arch your neck and look into the deep for pearls.
Now can you drink dew from tall trees and sloping fields of Heaven,
Gather new coolness for to-morrow's heat
And sleep through the soft night with folded wing."

This lovely verse, part of a long poem, is one example of the modern poet's power over vowels. The lines float with the same movement as the clouds of which they speak.

But to return to Milton. The *Sonnet to the Nightingale* is, in my belief, the only poem in which Milton failed in this complete control over all the effects to be produced by vowels, vocables, assonances, dissonances and

arrangements of consonants. How finely, to take another example, the substance is fitted to the subject, in this passage about Satan, from *Paradise Lost:*

" So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears,
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn. He wondered, but not long
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more.
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell,
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power
Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned
According to his doom. He would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transformed
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories
To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail—
Scorpion and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,
And Dipsas (not so thick swarmed once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa); but still greatest he the midst,

Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun
Engendered in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python ; and his power no less he seemed
Above the rest still to retain. They all
Him followed, issuing forth to the open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief.
They saw, but other sight instead—a crowd
Of ugly serpents ! Horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy ; for what they saw
They felt themselves now changing. Down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield ; down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire form
Catched by contagion, like in punishment
As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant
Turned to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. . . ."

The splendour of this passage is largely produced by the complicated scheme of the slowing S's (slowing in a very different way from that in which vowels slow the line ; since vowels either soar or dip—S's drag their length along). This complicated scheme of S's gives the impression of the hissing of the

serpents and of the universal slime. In these lines :

> " A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
> Reluctant, but in vain ; . . ."

The dulled darkness of the vowels (until " vain ") gives a sense at once of despair and of the darkness of the serpent's skin.

Occasionally the change from dark vowels to light makes the line heave up and down, with the exact movement of a serpent, as in

> " Scorpion and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
> Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Ellops drear."

And how interesting is the dissonance with which these lines end : the deadness of " drear " with its haunting ghost of a second syllable (which is not in reality there) coming after the huge fiery sound of " dire "—gives a feeling, an impression, of overwhelming despair.

The Song from *Arcades*, included in this book, is another proof of Milton's supreme power over rhetoric (or expression). The only great poet who has *not* been a master of rhetoric (unless we count Burns as a great poet) is Wordsworth. He was the unceasing

enemy of rhetoric. But what is this Song of Milton's but supreme rhetoric added to imagination—a supreme mastery of sound, controlled and variable, the variation taking many forms, being produced, sometimes, by heightening the middle of the line by the use of long vowels, or by using his miraculous power of spreading a comparatively short line into a succeeding long one, which, again, shrinks into a short line—so that the sound and movement are like that of waves spreading, advancing, and retreating :

> " Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
> By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;
> On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,
> Trip no more in twilight ranks."

In this case the longer line seems to bring us round the corner of a sea-cave, into the sight of a vast sea-horizon. The effect of lengthening and widening is helped, too, in the first three lines by the drone-sound of the L's. In the third line the word " old " prolongs the sound, succeeded by the strange and drowsy sound of " Lycæus "—though the line, in spite of this prolongation of the early part of it, is perfectly and magically balanced.

The Song from *Comus*—another of the miracles of English poetry, is an added example of Milton's power over rhetoric. (Rhetoric is not an incrustation, a foreign body which has somehow transformed the *outside* of the poem—it is an immense fire breaking from the poem as from a volcano. Sometimes it is smooth, sometimes it is fierce: but the principle is the same. The idea of "decoration" in poetry is foolish and all wrong. Either the physical beauty has grown from the poem, or it does not exist.)

Milton's effects are sometimes, indeed often, gained by the use of beautiful and evocative proper names (we see this in the Song from *Comus*), or by the lovely and legend-sounding names of places, Lycæus, or Cyllene. And what is this but rhetoric—although rhetoric (or expression, as we may call it) is more than useless if it does not spring from inspiration.

In the Song from *Comus*, as in the Song from *Arcades*, part of the water-like beauty and inspiration of the sound is gained by the L-pattern used throughout the first verse, though in *Sabrina Fair* this is less serried than in the Song from *Arcades*, for it

occurs, excepting in the last line but one, only once in each line ; the effect is also helped by the richer pattern of S's, giving depth to the water.

It is interesting to see, in this poem, as in the Song from *Arcades*, how Milton produces miracles of strangeness by the very suggestion of age :

" By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,"

or

" And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell ; "

or

" On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar."

The lovely opening, waving sound, like that of the airs coming from some immortal sea, produced by the length of " Lycæus " and " Cyllene," and of the words " old soothsaying," explain a little—though how little—the beauty and strangeness of those two lines. But " By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look " does not open, it does not wave ; it is secretive, like something shining beneath the water in a deep and glittering sea-cave. The beauty of it is not to be explained. The sound of the first verse in the Song from *Comus* varies from sea-air to sea-air, from wave to wave,

as its beauty lengthens and runs back again. I think perhaps it is this perpetual variation, followed by the sea-cave secretiveness of part of the second verse, varied by the feeling of a wide sea-strand, or of waves marching, produced (apart from the magical inspiration of it) to some degree by alliteration, in such lines as

> " By Leucothea's lovely hands,"

or

> " By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,"
> And the songs of Sirens sweet,"

that produces its beauty.

The first line I have quoted has the sound of water ; the second and third the strange glittering of sea-jewels seen under the water. But the poem is hardly to be explained. It is magic, and none can tell whence it comes.

I have been obliged to omit many of Milton's most beautiful poems. But I have, at least, succeeded in including *Lycidas*, which, though it is a rhymed poem, begins, strangely enough, with an *un*rhymed line, and a very beautiful one (the vowels give the impression of a dark and mournful air).

" Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more."

At the moment (I daresay I am wrong) I am unable to think of another rhymed poem which *begins* with an unrhymed line, though there are other rhymed poems which contain unpaired rhymes.

This poem contains other unmarried lines, such as

"Unwept, and welter to the parching wind."

And we must remember that the first, and unrhymed line is followed, in the next line, by a dissonance. There is a strange subtlety about the darkness and depth of the line:

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,"

followed by the pallor of the last word (the dissonance to more) of

"Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere."

Occasionally Milton uses an unrhymed line ending with a dark drone-sound, or a drone-sound used as a basis on which to build:

"And bid fair Peace be to my sable shroud!"

a line which is lengthened and made more important by its vowels.

Here is another instance that the first, and unmated line, and the dissonance that came after it, was done on purpose :

" Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute ;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound could not be absent long ;
And old Damætas loved to hear our *song*.
But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art *gone*,
Now thou art gone and never must *return !*
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine *o'ergrown*,
And all their echoes, *mourn !* "

(The italics are mine.) What despair lies in these dissonances, sometimes softening into hopelessness, as " song " softens into " gone " —sometimes widening into an expression of misery, as " return " widens into " o'ergrown," —sometimes deepening into the truth of despair, as " o'ergrown " deepens into " mourn."

How subtle is the rhyme scheme, wherein those lines which are *not* rhymed are in any case related, changing from light to dark, then lightening again, as the rhyme comes :

" Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft *lays*.
As killing as the canker to the *rose*,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that *graze*,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe *wear*,
When first the white-thorn *blows*;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's *ear*."

The melting of frost to flowers is an admirable way of expressing the change in sound of these lines. Added to this lightening and darkening scheme, the rather dulled sounds of "wear," and its dissonance "ear," weight the lines, are a kind of drone-sound. Certain blind people are enabled, by their deprivation of a later sense than that of feeling—sight—to know whether it is night or day simply by the sensation of the different lights upon their skin. This "lays" "rose" rhyme scheme appears to me to show the same sensibility, though not entirely from the same reason, for the sense of touch is always a particularly acute sense with a poet (because of the necessities of texture). The reason why Matthew Arnold, to my feeling, fails entirely as a poet (though no doubt his ideas were good—at least, I am told they were) is that he had no sense of touch whatsoever. Nothing made any impression on his skin. He could feel neither the shape nor the texture of a poem with his hands.

But to return to *Lycidas*. It may be said that this great poem is not entirely perfect. For from the rather unfortunate line

"And listens to the Herald of the Sea,"

until we come to the beautiful sound of

"Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past"—

if we except the lovely

"Sleek Panope with all her sisters played"—

Milton was not, perhaps, at his happiest. Though he, even when he is not at the greatest heights of his splendour, exceeds the beauty of nearly all English poets.

The high and mournful music of the rest of the poem (I use the word "high" in the mental sense, not in the sense of coloratura, or soprano music) is unsurpassed, containing, as it does, some of the loveliest lines in our language:

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?"

And how beautiful is the irregularity of the line:

"Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills."

(Another example of the result of pretended elision), succeeded by the smoothness of

" While the still morn went out with sandals gray "—

a line in which he conveys the sensation of dew dropping from the varying leaves (so different in surface and in smell), and of summer air breathing, by his scarcely separated L's—by the dissonance of " while " and " still."

It is strange to turn from this vast music to the small, but exquisite, and, in their way, flawless songs of Herrick. There is no poignant emotion in these poems ; all his funeral songs are only for the passing of a honey-bee, dead in the first delicate snows of winter ; his bass notes are but the deep droning sound from a hive.

The poems that I have included do not, with the exception of *To Anthea's Hair* and *Corinna's Going a-Maying*, find their way, as a rule, into anthologies. But the anthologists seem to prefer, in the main, Herrick's inferior verses.

The poem *Upon Julia's Voice*, with the subtlety of the longer rhyme to " voice " " *noise*," and the dropping sound from

" chamber " to " amber," is largely dependent for beauty on the extremely sweet vowels, enclosed, sometimes, in a most intricate scheme of S's ; the only loud sound in the whole poem is produced, voluntarily, by the D in " Damned." In fact the whole poem is built upon a subtle foundation of S's—there are only three hard consonants in the song, and of these, two are almost muted ; they are only a deeper shadow in that thick and perfumed amber. I know of no poet—not even Milton or Pope—who could manage sibilants better than Herrick. As for the vowel-sounds in this poem, they are as smooth and as un-poignant as the lovely voice the poem is praising.

In the first two lines of *The Weeping Cherry*,

> " I saw a Cherry weep, and why ?
> Why wept it, but for shame "—

the alliteration, and the profound vowel-sound in " weep," prolongs the length of the lines (but almost imperceptibly), and makes them heavier, as though the cherry, and the light and lovely branch from which it sprang, were made heavier by that rich weight of dew.

Corinna's Going a Maying is a coarser poem than these—by coarse, I mean that its rhythm, its design, its texture, are clumsier. The short lines do not melt into the longer as they should. But, on the other hand, the poem contains many exquisite single lines, much admirable expression:

> ". . . Take no care
> For jewels for your gown or hair:
> Fear not: the leaves will strew
> Gems in abundance upon you"—

in which the little shadows cast by the fraction of an extra syllable in "care," "hair," "dew" are like the shadows cast by those dewy trees.

And there are other noticeable lines.

> "As if here were those cooler shades of love"

and

> "So when or you or I are made
> A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
> All love, all liking, all delight
> Lies drown'd with us in endless night."

These lines are not so delightful in sound as many of Herrick's lines, but the fancy in them is lovely, although the poem is anything but a perfect one. Herrick is essentially a

minor poet, and when I say "minor," I do not mean a poetaster (the words "minor poet" have come to be accepted in that sense by the uninstructed), but a poet meant to conceive short, small and exquisite things. The shortest of Herrick's poems are the best, as a rule; and he has a lovely way of making the last line a real climax—of giving it an echo, as in *How Lilies Came White.*

The Lily in a Crystal is no more perfect than *Corinna's Going a-Maying;* but it gives such a happy expression to country pleasures, that I have been unable to resist giving it; though the first verse is very inferior to the rest in fancy and in diction.

I have been unable, too, to resist including *The Night Piece to Julia* (although it is almost hackneyed from frequent quotation), because of the firefly-like darting of the movement, due to the fact that the rhyme occurs internally, in the last word but one, in the first, second, and fifth lines of each verse (excepting in the third verse, where the opportunity does not arise, as the last word is a double-syllabled one).

But in the other verses, we have this internal rhyme, giving emphasis, and we have the

droning end, in the first two verses, caused by the fact that these lines end, invariably, with the same word: "thee."

> "Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
> The shooting stars attend thee," etc.

All this gives us the feeling of a lady in rustling silks, flying down the midnight branch-shadowed paths, followed by the firefly-darting sound caused by the much shorter and quicker internal lines:

> "And the elves also,
> Whose little eyes glow."

The quickness is due to the running movement of "And the" in the first of these two lines, and "little" in the second—words much faster than those in the previous lines—words on which no pause is made. So that we understand from the sound that the lady is in a hurry, as she flies across the moon-lit grass, for fear of the will-o'-the-wisp, the snake, and the glow-worm—and that all tiny and bright things are darting from the skies and from the dark woods to help her on her way with their sudden and lovely gleaming.

There is not, really, a great deal to be said

about any of these poems, though most of them are perfect in their way. Their delight is that of some country pleasure—of cream, of strawberries, of hay-making :

> " So smells the breath about the hives,
> When well the work of honey thrives ;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The smell of mornings milk, and cream ;
> Butter of cowslips mixt with them."

Their form is nearly always suitable to the theme, pleasant and smooth and windless as a summer day ; but there is no glory of rhetoric, no supreme line, and, for the most part, there is nothing in particular to be said about the technique.

In *To Phillis to Love, and Live with Him*, there is, however, a curious foretaste of modern imagery in the lines :

> " The blushing apple, bashful pear
> And shame-fac'd plum (all simp'ring there)."

Andrew Marvell (for whom I may say that I have a peculiar personal passion) is a larger poet than Herrick. He has not, perhaps, in every poem the inevitable perfection of most

of the verses by the smaller poet, but he is more satisfying, his world is larger—he

> "Who reduces all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade."

He is not a creator of many poems, but those he has written have enriched our literature for ever. And even in the less perfect verses, there are lines as lovely as these, from *Eyes and Tears:*

> "And stars show lovely in the night,
> But as they seem the tears of light."

Although these luminous-sounding lines are followed by the very inferior

> "Ope, then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
> And practise so your noblest use"—

a Laocoön entanglement of S's, badly-managed and carelessly thought-out.

Marvell succeeds, miraculously, in producing a beautiful poem in spite of a sometimes rather inadequate technique; but in his case this inadequacy scarcely matters. *Bermudas* is an example of this. How the winding, lengthening, stickying S-problem would have hindered any other poet. Marvell seems to have made no effort to cope with this, and yet the poem

is a very lovely one, in spite of the (involuntary I believe) clumsiness of such lines as

"Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks."

The poem is beautiful because of its rich and leafy imagery, because of its luxuriance. It may be less flawless in diction than certain of Herrick's poems, but, had it remained unwritten, the loss to poetry would have been greater than the loss of all Herrick's poems.

In its way, this poem is as lovely as the much more perfect *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn*, in which the lightness, innocence, and naïveté of the versification fit the subject, seem inevitable. Marvell has enriched our memory with as many unforgettable lines as any poet excepting, perhaps, Shakespeare, Milton and Pope. Who could forget:

"O help! O help! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! the tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these."

The melting beauty of the sound in the last couplet is unsurpassable; there is no savage reproach in the only word beginning with a hard consonant—" brotherless "—the sound is only that of the little uncomplaining sigh of the innocent dying fawn. The sound, as well as the imagery, is deeply moving.

The Garden, too, is one of the loveliest short poems in our language. Its green and leafy summer of rich sun and richer shade will live while our language still lives. This is the poem which contains the immortal

> " Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade."

The beauty of this poem is largely dependent upon association and imagery. But there are, also, technical points to be noted about the fifth verse, where the several P's in

> " Ripe apples drop about my head "

give a feeling of roundness, like that of the apples they are describing; and where the perfectly managed Sh-sounds in

> " The luscious clusters of the vine
> Upon my mouth do crush their wine "

give us the richness of the juice of these ripe grapes. In fact, the leafiness and the richness and the greenness of the world he is describing is conveyed in every syllable.

It is strange to turn from the exquisite, light, and youthful poem, *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn*, and the rich leafiness of *The Garden*, to the grandiose *To his Coy Mistress*—a great and terrible poem. Indeed, I know no finer short poem of its own period, or, perhaps, of any period. It may not have Milton's technical perfection and splendour, but in imagination it is worthy of him, though it resembles him in no degree whatever, for it is of a country foreign to him. Nor does it resemble, in anything but theme, the far heavier Donne. We find this greatness, this vast imagination, preserved in the prim eight-syllable line, and this, indeed, even heightens the effect—shows us, in its narrow grave, the eternal skeleton.

It has been a very difficult matter to choose which of John Dryden's poems should be included in this anthology, the variation between them is at once so strange and so subtle.

Mr. Balston finds *Annus Mirabilis*—one

of the most beautiful of Dryden's poems—"too long" (it floats through fifty pages). Certain prosodists have complained of the monotony of the rhythm of this poem; but to my ear it has no more monotony than that of the swan floating upon some long and limped lake.

It has the richness and smoothness, the feeling of floating over deep water, possessed by Baudelaire's

> "Mon ange, ma sœur,
> Songe à la douceur
> D'aller là bas, vivre ensemble."

Though it has not the strangeness of the dissonance, "ange," "songe"—that deep word falling through all the depths of the water to discover the jewels hid below; nor has it the marvellous counterpoint—so water-smooth, so flawless—of the first two lines. (I do not know any instance of counterpoint in poetry to compare with this.) It has not these beauties, nor has it the strange flutter, as of some magical spray rising from an oar, produced by "à la," after the deep-sea diving of "songe." Those first two lines are among the strangest and most enchanted in all

literature. Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis* has not this same enchantment of sound; but it contains such beauties as

"For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat;
In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew;
For them the Idumæan Balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceylon spicy Forests grew.

. . . . . .

"And now approach'd their Fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising Sun:
And precious Sand from Southern Climates brought
(The fatal regions where the War begun.)

"Like hunted Castors, conscious of their Store,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coasts they bring,
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
And winter brooded on the Eastern Spring."

The poem contains, too, splendid single lines like

"With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train."

Admittedly, the whole poem is not so lovely as the lines I have quoted. . . . Still its beauties are great. As an example of Dryden's variation, we can turn from the water-depths of this to the exquisite lightness and tenderness

of the Zambra Song, in *The Conquest of Granada.* (I will quote only the first three stanzas, because they are the best, although it seems a mutilation to cut them from their context.)

I

" Beneath a myrtle shade
Which love for none but happy lovers made,
I slept ; and straight my love before me brought
Phyllis, the object of my waking thought.
Undressed she came my flames to meet,
While love strewed flowers beneath her feet ;
Flowers which, so pressed by her, became more sweet.

II

" From the bright vision's head
A careless veil of lawn was loosely spread ;
From her white temples fell her shaded hair
Like cloudy sunshine, not too brown nor fair ;
Her hands, her lips, did love inspire ;
Her every grace my heart did fire ;
But most her eyes, which languished with desire.

III

" Ah, charming fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny ?
By nature and by love, this lonely shade
Was for revenge of suffering lovers made.

Silence and shades with love agree ;
Both shelter you and favour me :
You cannot blush, because I cannot see."

The softness and tenderness of this, due to the apparently wavering, yet completely controlled length of the lines, still contains, within it, the sharpness of flames, and this is owing to the elaborate scheme of A's in the first verse, and of mixed I's in the second verse. The two schemes are brought together in the third verse.

The satires are thick, gross, terrible, and blind as stupidity itself. *Absalom and Achitophel* has been thought "too long" for inclusion, so I cannot give it in its entirety, although it is a very great poem ; but there is no reason why I should not quote *from* it. How different is this thick earthiness from the air-born lightness of the Zambra Dance, and the water-smooth beauty of *Annus Mirabilis*. Dryden's victims are not so much impaled (as are Pope's) in an everlasting moving heaving hell of lava, as made into a thick and world-wide mud-pudding (the supreme epitome of soulless matter), or buried alive beneath an immense rumbling fall of mountains.

Dryden seems, not so much to rear himself to a world's height and crash down on his victims from the very heavens (like Pope), as to be in the state of Goya's *Giant Dancing*. He treads on these insects, and they are gone. He has been at no effort to obliterate them.

Take this description of Og :

" Now stop your noses, Readers, all and some,
For here's a tun work of Midnight to come.
Og from a Treason Tavern rolling home,
Round as a globe, and Liquored every chink,
Goodly and great he Sails behind his Link ;
With all this Bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue ;
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter
As all the Devils had spew'd to make the batter."

That passage is inspired ; but the actual physical bludgeoning, whilst appalling in its effect, is done " on the level "—without physical effort. Here are gigantic muscles wiping out an insect—a rather fat one—without effort.

The unevenly arranged alliteration gives the impression of something thick and gross, rolling with drunkenness, and only kept on its feet by its very thickness, its meaningless bulk.

Occasionally, his antithesis is as violent as Pope's—as in

"They got a Villain and we lost a Fool."

See, too, the effect he produces by internal and external rhymes in this quotation from *Absalom and Achitophel:*

"Not weighed or winnowed by the *multitude*,
But swallowed in the mass, *unchewed* and *crude*,
Some truth there was, but dashed and *brewed* with lies
To please the fools and puzzle all the wise."

The extraordinary force is gained, in part, by the balance brought about by the alliteration "weighed or winnowed"; in part by the internal rhymes (the italics are mine); in part by the lifting sound of "dashed," and the still longer lifting sound, like that of a rising rage, of the "i" sound in "lies" and "wise."

Now let us take this passage, which is among the most magnificent poetry produced by Dryden:

"Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A Name to all succeeding Ages curst:
For close Designs and crooked Counsels fit,

Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in Principles and Place,
In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace;
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pygmy Body to decay,
And o'er informed the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the Storms; but, for a Calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the Sands to boast his Wit.
Great wits are sure to Madness near alli'd
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest?
Punish a Body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease?
And all to leave what with his Toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy."

In this passage, where both the sound and the imagery seem ruthless, ancient, and inevitable as the clay after it was inundated by the Flood, the force is gained, as it is sometimes gained in Pope's satires, by the change from the softness of the design of F's to the blows of succeeding hard consonants. The

triplet, in the most famous lines of the whole passage,

> " A fiery soul, which working out its way,
> Fretted the Pygmy Body to decay,
> And o'er informed the Tenement of Clay "

instead of weakening the heroic stanza, gives an additional power and splendour, though this is rarely the case where triplets are used. The magnificence of the whole passage is added to by the varying weights and the variations in rhythm produced by the occasional alliteration. The movement of

> " For close Designs and crooked Counsels fit "

seems, for instance, to be quite different from that of

> " Punish a Body which he could not please,"

where the alliteration gives, at once, the impression of an immense bulk straddling, and of a violent blow given at the beginning and end of the line—a blow which is repeated in the middle of the next line :

> " Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease."

The movement of this, again, seems to be quite different from that of

"In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace."

And this differs from its preceding line:

"Restless, unfixed in Principles and Place."

Yet all these lines (with the exception of the famous triplet) are contained within the flawless structure of the heroic couplet. Strength and variation are gained by this absolute power over alliteration. Great differences are effected, too, by the varying height, depth, breadth and lightness of the Cæsura (but of this question I shall write when I come to the work of Alexander Pope).

In this line,

"In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace,"

the effect is gained not only by the powerful alliteration, but also by the phenomenal depth and breadth of the Cæsura. Compare that line with this couplet and a half of a couplet:

"Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A Name to all succeeding Ages curst:
For close Designs and crooked Counsels fit."

In this, the Cæsura hardly exists at all—at least it is so light as to be scarcely noticeable; this lightness then changes into the violence (due to the depth of the pauses) in

"Sagacious, Bold and Turbulent of wit."

Though the violence of this is nothing to the violence of

"In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace."

. . . . . .

"Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease"

—to return to that splendid line—possesses a Cæsura which, though long, yet (owing, I think, to the huddled three-syllabled word "Prodigal") does not so much divide the line by a chasm, as produce a stretch of flat uninhabited land, and then melt into the rather terrible mock-jovial carelessness which is suitable to the subject.

As for the line,

"In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace,"

the pause is of the same length as that in

"A fiery Soul, which working out its way,"

but in the last line quoted, owing to the softness

of the F and S, the softness of the alliterative W's, the Cæsura, for some reason which I cannot explain (unless it be that "Soul" ends with a soft and lengthening L), seems more a matter of soaring through time, than a matter of chasm and violence. Texture appears, therefore, to have an effect upon the shape of the Cæsura.

When Dryden is describing stupidity, he frequently reduces the depth of the Cæsura —reduces it, practically, to non-existence, as in the line:

"Would steer too nigh the Sands to boast his Wit."

The reason for this is, I imagine, that he wishes to produce the impression that the subject of the line knows no division between light and darkness, between a spiritual mountain, gulf, or plain.

We shall see, later, the same effects in Pope. It is with the deepest reluctance that I do not include *Absalom and Achitophel* in this anthology, since, to my belief, it is not only one of the greatest satires in our language, but also one of the greatest poems.

How is it possible to deny the earthy, primeval, and terrible splendour of those

passages I have quoted ? or the strangeness and beauty of such lines as the last couplet of these :

" And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a Successive Title, Long, and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of Noah's Ark."

Or the poetical strangeness of

" But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's Ice prefers to Virtue's Land."

Or these lines, dealing with Phaleg :

" An Emblem of that buzzing Insect Just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises Dust."

The poem has extraordinary variations, such as that between the splendour of the passage relating to

" A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pygmy Body to decay,"

and the deadening thickening contempt of

" To make quick way I'll Leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the Pox ;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two Fools that crutch their Feeble sense on Verse,
Who by my Muse, to all succeeding times

Shall live in spite of their own Dogrell Rhimes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blund'ring kind of Melody;
Spur'd boldly on, and Dash'd through Thick and Thin,
Through Sense and Non-sense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, Heroically mad,
He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
And, if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
For still there goes some *thinking* to ill-Nature.
He needs no more than Birds and Beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink.
If he call Rogue and Rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a Parrot:
The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
To Fetter 'em in Verse is all his trade.
For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own Mother:
And call young Absalom King David's brother.
Let him be Gallows-Free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
Hanging Supposes humane Soul and reason,
This Animal's below committing Treason;
Shall he be hang'd who never cou'd Rebell?
That's a preferment for Achitophel."

Down comes the mountain upon Og and Doeg, and nothing is left of them. Sporus

still flutters dirtily, impaled on Pope's terrible satire; but all that remains of Og and Doeg is the mountain which is their monument.

And now we must turn to the *Ode to Mrs. Anne Killigrew*, in which part of the beauty is gained by the variation in the length of the lines, a variation which, in this case, does not give any effect of violence—quite the reverse: it gives the effect of a lovely and lulling peace.

In

> "Thou youngest Virgin Daughter of the Skies,
> Made in the last promotion of the Blest;
> Whose Palms, new pluck't from Paradise
> In spreading branches more sublimely rise
> Rich with Immortal Green above the rest,"

the lesser length of the third line gives an effect of peacefulness. And in the second line of

> "Or, call'd to more Superior Bliss,
> Thou tread'st, with Seraphim, the vast abyss,"

the spreading and opening of this longer line brings us in sight of a wide horizon. To my mind this Ode is one of the loveliest of Dryden's poems. It has not the martial

pomp and movement of the great *Alexander's Feast* or the vast creativeness and upheaval, as of the world springing out of Chaos, of *St. Cecilia's Day*, but it is indeed "Rich with Immortal Green above the rest." It has nobility, peace, and balance, though not all the verses have an equal beauty.

If we turn to the tumultuous splendours, the martial pomp of *Alexander's Feast*, we shall find that some of the glory of this is, again, derived from Dryden's absolute genius for changing the length of the lines, for stopping a line short, with at once violence and control, as in

> "Aloft in awful state
> The God-like Hero sate."

And it is due, also, to a curious power of repeating the same words over and over again in such a way that, instead of being monotonous, we feel, merely, that the sound is increasing, that the drums are thundering louder and louder:

> "Happy, happy, happy Pair!
> None but the Brave,
> None but the Brave,
> None but the Brave deserves the Fair!"

In this the last line is quicker than the others, and so gives the preceding lines an additional pomp whilst being, itself, more tumultuous-sounding. Who but Dryden could attempt such a thing ? and who but Dryden could infuse these lines with such splendour :

> " Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
> Fallen from his high Estate."

Another technical point of interest is the unadmitted pause, the fraction of a syllable missing (this gives a chilly feeling of ruin) in the second and third lines quoted here :

> " Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
> See the Furies arise !
> See the snakes that they rear,
> How they hiss in their Hair,
> And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes ! "

The fraction of a syllable that is missing is so slight that it is scarcely audible ; still, it *is* missing. Yet the lines have a perfect balance, though they are inhabited by a cold air of desolation, produced by these means. Some of the lines have a tremendous and overpowering bulk like that of some vast

ruin; they remind us of a great line from Pope's translation of the Iliad:

"And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall."

In *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day* the very splendour of the balance is like that of Creation arising out of Chaos. And in this, again, some of the beauty is produced by that control which can raise a shortened line to the physical greatness of the longer line into which it grows. And there is no softness (only an added strength, taken in its context) when he uses a female rhyme:

"The Trumpet's loud Clangor
Excites us to Arms
With shrill Notes of Anger
And mortal Alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thund'ring Drum
Cries, Hark! the Foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

"Clangor" has such a world-wide echo, that the vigour of the line is enhanced.

I have not been able to include in this anthology both Alexander Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*, and *The Dunciad*, so I have chosen to include *The Dunciad* because it is less

well-known to the general public than the other poem. It has been the fashion to regard only the tempests of fury, and not the strange murky and Tartarean beauty of *The Dunciad*, although, like *Absalom and Achitophel*, it is one of the greatest poems in our language. Yet it is just as beautiful in its way, and just as strange, as *The Ancient Mariner*. It has been held not to be, only because it is a satire, and people whose liking for poetry is a purely sentimental one, are unable to believe that beauty is not dependent upon subject alone.

How enormous are the opening lines, with the thick muffled, dull thud of the alliterating M's:

> "The mighty mother, and her son, who brings
> The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings."

The sound is thick, gross, and blind as stupidity itself.

He gets a kind of dull drone-insistence in the rhythm, by the alliterating D's of the first syllable in each line of this couplet:

> "Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
> Daughter of Chaos and eternal night:"

the deepest drone being in the second line —followed by

> " Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
> Gross as her sire and as her mother grave,
> Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
> She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind."

The wandering sloth of the first line in this (caused by the fat F sounds) is followed by the designedly unwieldy lumbering gait of the second line (caused by the G sounds in the first and last line), a gait indicative of the subject; the next line, with its appalling deafening blows, caused by the alliterative B's, placed so close together, has an overwhelming effect of power.

The lengthening of the last line of the next couplet, by means of alliteration,

> " For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies,"

gives the feeling of a hopeless eternity of boredom. All is a world of thick nothingness. The empty hour, that drone-sound striking, is struck by Dulness alone.

Pope balances a line by the means of alliteration over and over again (as in the

passage quoted above), so as to give the whole lumbering gait of Dulness.

"*D*ulness with transport eyes the lively *d*unce."

And the very assonance of "Dulness" and "dunce" adds to the effect.

How he suits the texture to the theme, in the thickness and muffled deadness of

"She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance,"

and in the softness and shapelessness of

"The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss,"

and in the muffled thick rich comfort and fatness of

"Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise."

In this couplet there is not one sharp consonant, not one poignant vowel, excepting in the deep persistent and insistent vowels of "gold" and "truth." Everything else in the couplet in question, whether it be in the alliterative dulled P's, or the unsharp vocables, or whether it be in the pretendedly un-nice

equivalence—all gives the feeling of this rich and muffled comfort.

How marvellous is the feather-weighted, but none the less deadly beat of

> " All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
> Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit."

And the unplumed uncouthness of

> " As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
> On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops,"

an uncouthness gained by the change from the assonances of the first line, to the ups and downs of the very varied vowels in the second line.

See how, by the aid of a design of cloying S's, he succeeds in making the line waddle with the heaviness of the subject—not like the unplumed dab-chick, but like Dulness itself—how he succeeds in lengthening the line by these means until it appears to have a different beat from that of the heroic couplet (without, in reality, changing the beat in the slightest), until the lines sound as if they contained the echo of extra syllables :

> " O thou ! of bus'ness the directing soul !
> To this our head, like bias to the bowl,
> Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,

Obliquely waddling to the mark in view :
O ! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind ;
And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense ;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead !
As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky ;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below :
Me emptiness and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive the offence),
And once betrayed me into common sense :
Else all my prose and verse were much the same !
This, prose on stilts, that, poetry full'n lame."

I do not know a more elaborate pattern than this for emphasizing, and at moments falsifying (as the ideas in a semi-idiot mind are falsified) the rhythm. Ah, but falsifying it on purpose, to give the lines an extra meaning.

Coming after the apparently meaningless, but most significant lengthening vacancy of the alliterative M's in

" Which, as *m*ore pond'rous, *m*ade its ai*m* *m*ore true,"

notice the gradual approach, the gradual growth (conveying the sense of thickness, of bulk), the gradual loudening caused by these alliterative M's, coming, with strict mathematical regularity, each in its appointed place —once in each line for the couplet, until, at last, with a thumping deadness and thickness, it reaches the penultimate foot of the third line—balancing itself, heavily, with another still more dulled alliteration :

" Obliquely waddling to the *m*ark in view :
O ! ever gracious to perplex'd *m*ankind,
Still spread a healing *m*ist before the *m*ind."

Then take the variations of alliteration and assonance, all affecting the rhythm, of

" Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bri*b*e
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tri*b*e :
And *his this* drum, *whose hoarse* heroic *bass*
Drowns the *loud* clarion of the *braying ass*."

The increase in height, the lifting and falling of these lines, owing to the variation of the different long, short and mixed A-sounds, the assonance of " his " " this," with their dissonance, the long, dark, double-sounding " hoarse "—all this gives immense variation ;

succeeded by the assonance "drowns," "loud," and the curious slipping of the B's from one place in one line to another place in the following line, "bass," "braying ass" —this latter scheme also having within it a most complicated pattern of assonance and dissonance—all this produces an extraordinary variation in speed and in depth and height. The variation is less like that of mountains and plains, than of a stormy sea, so unexpected but so inevitable is the movement.

There is no device for lengthening the line by texture, or obtaining a wave-like rise and fall within the limits of the line, by the same means, that is not understood by Pope.

> "Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
> A hundred head of Aristotle's friends. . . ."

The first line of this couplet is very interesting from a technical point of view, with the deliberately muddy arrangements of "ck's," which give exactly the impression of mud clinging to our feet and delaying our progress. The mere dullness of the "i" sound in "thick," the slight lengthening sound (delaying the line still further) of "black," and the heel-over dark impenetrability of the "block"

in "blockade," seems the very essence, in sound, of stupidity itself. "Black blockade" conveys, in its sound, the impression of an enormous wooden figure at the head of a procession, heeling over, and righting itself by an effort.

Take again the extraordinary subtlety of the second line in this couplet:

> "All classic learning, lost on classic ground,
> And last turned air, the echo of a sound."

In the second line the "r" in "turned" (which is not so much a word of one syllable, as of one syllable and the minutest fraction of a syllable), followed by "air," which is a word of one and a quarter syllables (or perhaps one syllable broken into two halves, and casting a little shadow)—these give one, actually, a faint and half-heard echo.

Alexander Pope, like John Dryden, obtains variation by his power over the varying heights and depths of the Cæsura. Now the Cæsura has, for the purposes of convenience, been held to be of uniform length and depth. But this is not so, and Pope places the Cæsura, the pause (of varying depths), not only to vary the *music* of his verse, but so as to heighten

the meaning. As when, in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, he writes :

" The dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land."

In this, the slightness of the pauses in the second line give the effect of a dishevelled procession streaming past one. In the fourth line, the fact that the first and second verb are alliterative, and rather long-sounding, with their hard R's, and that the third verb begins with a thick thumping M, gives the degree of irritation felt by the poet.

But to return to the Cæsura. If we examine these lines from *The Dunciad :*

" One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of poverty and poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness,"

we shall find that the slightness of the Cæsura, in the third line I have quoted—a Cæsura so shallow as to be hardly perceptible—gives it a strange chilliness, which is added to by the little cold wind of the two words beginning with H in the third line, the last of these two

words, because it is a one-syllabled word and has a long vowel-sound, being louder than the two-syllabled and short-vowelled "hollow."

Compare the slightness of the Cæsura here, with the violence of the pause, the violence of the antithesis in the last line of these couplets from *The First Epistle of the First Book of Horace:*

"To either India see the merchant fly,
Scared at the spectre of pale poverty!
See him, with pangs of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!"

How flawlessly he fits his substance to his meaning. Take, for instance, these lines, which convey, in spite of the perfect structure of the heroic couplet, a sense of the formlessness of primeval matter (the lines are from *The Dunciad*):

"Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet."

These lines, and the eight lines which follow,

have a perfectly deliberate, and most unpleasant, softness—the softness of corruption.

Again, we see Pope's great technical genius in these lines:

"No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;"

and in these:

"Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick."

Compare the thick muffled deadness of the first couplet in the first quotation, and the fatness and flatness of the second (this effect being produced by the softness of the consonants used), with the appalling trumpet-

screams of the second quotation. These lines can hardly be called monotonous. Yet Pope has been regarded as the epitome of an accomplished and unvarying monotony—but only by such persons as have no ear for variation in poetry, unless it is the result of structure alone.

The lines quoted above (and, indeed, the whole poem) have a kind of smoky and appalling beauty—such beauty as this, which has a kind of hell-born inspiration,

> " So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
> Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear,"

is varied by such exquisite floating coolness as these lines :

" To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales
Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
To lands of singing or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves,"

and the colder, more remote beauty of

> " Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
> The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows."

Here, apart from the beauty of the vowel-sounds, the effect is produced largely by the

little frozen air, dying again, of the tribrach "Tanais."

Contrast the cold beauty of that couplet with the grave and majestic splendour of the last two couplets of this great poem, and it will no longer be possible to call Pope monotonous :

> "Lo ! thy dread empire, Chaos ! is restor'd ;
> Light dies before thy uncreating word :
> Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall,
> And universal darkness buries all."

Can these couplets be regarded as the same in rhythm (if rhythm means anything to us at all) as the Mæotis couplet ? They cannot. The outward structure is the same ; within that structure there is infinite variation.

It has been held that the derivation of the last line is to be found in Dryden's *Amboyna :*

> "Till, at the last, the sapp'd foundations fall,
> And universal ruin swallows all."

And this, I think, is not to be disputed. But we may also find the origin of the last line in the twentieth book of Pope's translation of the Odyssey (Book 20, line 357) :

> "But universal night usurps the pole ! "

I cannot read Greek; but a classical scholar tells me that the literal translation of this line, and the line preceding it, would be "'And the sun died out of heaven and an evil mist ran up over it' . . . though this rendering" (my friend continues) "does not, of course, do any justice to the original, as two or three of the Greek words have associations which increase the effect but cannot appear in translation. The word for 'mist,' for instance, is generally used of a mist over the eyes, as, for instance, in a dying person. Perhaps 'film,' though less accurate, would get nearer the idea."

We can realize, therefore, from the fact that the actual *expression* of this line in Pope's rendering is his, and not Homer's, that Pope was, in all probability, meditating this change on the inadequately-weighted lines of Dryden, from the time when he translated the Odyssey.

The reason why Pope's version is greater than Dryden's is this:

In Dryden's lines, the word "ruin" is ludicrously inadequate in sound; it is a word which contains, to a sensitive ear, but one and a half syllables. The word "swallows," coming immediately afterwards, with its

absence of heavy consonants, lightens the line again. Whereas, if we look at the lines by Pope, in the word " darkness " the first syllable is so prolonged and heavy that it weights the word, and though the sound of " buries " is not, actually, longer than that of " swallows," the heavy B weights the word, and this, with " darkness," forms a ground-rhythm for the line.

It is true that Dryden's line,

> " And universal ruin swallows all,"

gives the effect of something empty, and razed to the ground. But it is too light, and too circumscribed in sound. The difference between the two rival lines is the difference of balance, and balance in poetry is largely the result of having earth-roots—in other words, depth.

In Christopher Smart's *A Song to David*, a really great and entirely underrated poem, the splendour, and part of the amusement (for this feeling is not absent, as we contemplate the poem), of this most beautiful and neglected work is due to the solemn piling of adjective on adjective :

> " Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
> Sublime, contemplative, serene,
> Strong, constant, pleasant, wise !

Bright effluence of exceeding grace ;
Best man !—the swiftness and the race,
The peril, and the prize ! "

and in part to the extreme strangeness of the imagery ; all natural objects are seen with such clarity that, for the moment, nothing else exists. The poem has, to my mind, extraordinary beauty, a solemnity which is deeply impressive. It has, at the same time, lines which, from the very clarity with which their subjects are presented, from their very earnestness, make one laugh. But it is the laughter of pleasure.

Could, for instance, anything be more illuminating than these lines :

" Sigma presents the social droves,
With him that solitary roves,
And man of all the chief " ?

There is a curious modernity, as well as a beauty which is both ancient and eternal, in the third and subsequent lines of :

" Open, and naked of offence,
Man's mode of mercy, soul, and sense ;
God arm'd the snail and wilk ;
Be good to him that pulls thy plough ;
Due food and care, due rest, allow
For her that yields thee milk."

This is at once strange and deeply touching.

All the verses dealing with adoration have, to my mind, a deep and eternal beauty; never were flowers and fruits seen more clearly, or with more love; never were all living creatures more welcomed into God's love.

But the whole poem, and not this part alone, is bathed in the everlasting light of Heaven; the flowers are brighter than they are in our earthly meadows; there is no room in the Heaven of this madman's mind for cruelty or injustice, or for anything but love. That Heaven was undimmed by the cruelties and by the darkness of Bedlam, unbroken by starvation, warm in the midst of that deathly cold. This madman of genius, this poet of genius, for all the barriers of his madness, continued to walk in the cool of the evening with his God.

June–August, 1930.

MILTON

Hymn to Light

(PARADISE LOST, BOOK III)

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light
And never but in unapproachèd light
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising World of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite!
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian Pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle Darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,

Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old :
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

III. Song from Arcades

NYMPHS and Shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks ;
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks ;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us ;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

Song from Comus

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save !

Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell ;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands ;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet ;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance ;

Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

Lycidas

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due ;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour *my* destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud !
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill :
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,

We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

Ay me! I fondly dream
" Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have
done ?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears :
" Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story ;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed :
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
" Ah ! who hath reft," quoth he, " my dearest pledge ? "
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake ;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :—
" How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,

Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
  Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :

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FORT HAYS KANS

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey :
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twisted his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

HERRICK

The Weeping Cherry

I SAW a *Cherry* weep, and why ?
Why wept it ? but for shame,
Because my *Julia's* lip was by,
And did out-red the same.
But pretty Fondling, let not fall
A tear at all for that :
Which *Rubies*, *Corralls*, *Scarlets*, all
For tincture, wonder at.

Upon Julia's Voice

SO smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the Damn'd would make
no noise,
But listen to thee (walking in thy chamber),
Melting melodious words, to lutes of amber.

Julia's Petticoat

THY azure Robe, I did behold,
As airy as the leaves of gold;
Which erring here, and wand'ring there,
Pleas'd with transgression ev'rywhere;
Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave,
As if to stir it scarce had leave:
But having got it, thereupon,
'Two'd make a brave expansion.
And pounc't with Stars, it shew'd to me
Like a *Celestial Canopy*.
Sometimes two'd blaze, and then abate,
Like to a flame grown moderate:
Sometimes away two'd wildly fling;
Then to thy thighs so closely cling,
That some conceit did melt me down,
As Lovers fall into a swoon:
And all confus'd, I there did lie
Drown'd in Delights; but could not die.
That Leading Cloud, I follow'd still,
Hoping t'ave seen of it my fill;
But ah! I could not: should it move
To Life Eternal, I could love.

Corinna's Going a Maying

GET up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how *Aurora* throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see
The Dew-bespangling Herb and Tree.
Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,
Above an hour since ; yet you not drest,
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the Birds have Mattins said,
And sung their thankful Hymns : 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand Virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise ; and put on your Foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green ;
And sweet as *Flora.* Take no care
For Jewels for your Gown, or Hair :
Fear not ; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you :
Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,
Against you come, some *Orient Pearls* unwept :
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night :

And *Titan* on the Eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few Beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my *Corinna*, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street: each street a Park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees: see how
Devotion gives each House a Bough,
Or Branch: Each Porch, each door, ere this,
An Ark a Tabernacle is
Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The Proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But my *Corinna*, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of Youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with *White-thorn* laden home.
Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,

And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
  Many a green-gown has been given ;
  From out the eye, Loves Firmament :
Many a jest told of the Keys betraying
This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime ;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
  We shall grow old apace, and die
  Before we know our liberty.
  Our life is short ; and our days run
  As fast away as do's the Sun :
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'r be found again :
  So when or you or I are made
  A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
  All love, all liking, all delight
  Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying ;
Come, my *Corinna*, come, let's go a Maying.

How Lilies Came White

WHITE though ye be; yet, Lilies know,
From the first ye were not so:
But I'll tell ye
What befell ye;
Cupid and his Mother lay
In a Cloud; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger prest
The ruby niplet of her breast;
Out of the which, the cream of light,
Like to a Dew,
Fell down on you,
And made ye white.

The Lily in a Crystal

YOU have beheld a smiling *Rose*
When Virgins hands have drawn
O'r it a Cobweb-Lawn :
And here, you see, this Lily shows,
Tomb'd in a *Christal* stone,
More fair in this transparent case,
Then when it grew alone ;
And had but single grace.

You see how Cream but naked is ;
Nor dances in the eye
Without a Strawberry :
Or some fine tincture, like to this,
Which draws the sight thereto,
More by that wantoning with it ;
Then when the paler hue
No mixture did admit.

You see how *Amber* through the streams
More gently strokes the sight,
With some conceal'd delight ;
Then when he darts his radiant beams
Into the boundless air :
Where either too much light his worth
Doth all at once impair,
Or set it little forth.

Put Purple Grapes, or Cherries in-
To Glasse, and they will send
More beauty to commend

Them, from that clean and subtil skin,
Then if they naked stood,
And had no other pride at all,
But their own flesh and blood,
And tinctures natural.

Thus Lily, Rose, Grape, Cherry, Cream,
And Strawberry do stir
More love, when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beam;
Then if they sho'd discover
At full their proper excellence;
Without some Scene cast over,
To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this *Christall'd Lily* be
A Rule, how far to teach,
Your nakedness must reach:
And that, no further, then we see
Those glaring colours laid
By Arts wise hand, but to this end
They sho'd obey a shade;
Lest they too far extend.

So though y'are white as Swan, or Snow,
And have the power to move
A world of men to love:
Yet, when your Lawns & Silks shall flow;
And that white cloud divide
Into a doubtful Twi-light; then,
Then will your hidden Pride
Raise greater fires in men.

Impossibilities to His Friend

MY faithful friend, if you can see
The Fruit to grow up, or the Tree :
If you can see the colour come
Into the blushing Pear, or Plum :
If you can see the water grow
To cakes of Ice, or flakes of Snow :
If you can see, that drop of rain
Lost in the wild sea, once again :
If you can see, how Dreams do creep
Into the Brain by easy sleep :
Then there is hope that you may see
Her love me once, who now hates me.

To Larr

NO more shall I, since I am driven hence,
Devote to thee my graines of Frankincense :
No more shall I from mantle-trees hang down,
To honour thee, my little Parsly crown :
No more shall I (I fear me) to thee bring
My chives of Garlick for an offering :
No more shall I, from henceforth, heare a quire
Of merry Crickets by my Country fire :
Go where I will, thou lucky *Larr* stay here,
Warm by a glit'ring chimney all the year.

To the Most Fair and Lovely Mistris, Anne Soame, now Lady Abdie

SO smell those odours that do rise
From out the wealthy spiceries :
So smells the flower of *blooming Clove ;*
Or *Roses* smother'd in the stove :
So smells the Air of spicèd wine ;
Or *Essences* of *Jessamine :*
So smells the Breath about the hives,
When well the work of honey thrives ;
And all the *busy Factours* come
Laden with wax and honey home :
So smell those neat and woven Bowers,
All over-archt with *Orange flowers ;*
And *Almond blossoms*, that do mix
To make rich these *Aromatikes :*
So smell those bracelets, and those bands
Of *Amber* chaf't between the hands,
When thus enkindled they transpire
A noble perfume from the fire.
The wine of cherries, and to these,
The cooling breath of Respasses ;
The smell of mornings milk, and cream ;
Butter of *Cowslips* mixt with them ;
Of roasted warden, or bak'd pear,
These are not to be reckon'd here ;
When as the meanest part of her,
Smells like the maiden-Pomander.
Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
More lik'd by her, or lov'd by me.

Upon Julia's Hair Fill'd with Dew

DEW sate on *Julia's* hair,
And spangled too,
Like Leaves that laden are
With trembling Dew :
Or glitter'd to my sight,
As when the Beams
Have their reflected light,
Danc'd by the Streams.

To Electra

MORE white then whitest Lilies far,
Or Snow, or whitest Swans you are:
More white then are the whitest Creams,
Or Moon-light tinselling the streams:
More white than *Pearls*, or *Juno's* thigh;
Or *Pelops* Arm of *Ivory*.
True, I confess; such Whites as these
May me delight, not fully please:
Till, like *Ixion's* Cloud you be
White, warm, and soft to lie with me.

To Phillis to Love, and Live with Him

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee :
What sweets the Country can afford
Shall Bless thy Bed, and bless thy Board.
The soft sweet Moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling Woodbine over-spread :
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing next, shall be a Gown
Made of the Fleeces purest Down.
The tongues of Kids shall be thy meat ;
Their Milk thy drink ; and thou shalt eat
The Paste of Filberts for thy bread
With Cream of Cowslips buttered :
Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills
With *Daisies* spread, and *Daffadils ;*
Where thou shalt sit, and *Red-breast* by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee Chains and Carkanets
Of *Primroses* and *Violets.*
A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have ;
That richly wrought, and This as brave ;
So that as either shall express
The Wearer's no mean Shepherdess.
At Shearing-times, and yearly Wakes,
When *Themelis* his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be ; and be the wit,

Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.
On Holy-days, when Virgins meet
To dance the Hays with nimble feet;
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The *Queen of Roses* for that year.
And having danc't ('bove all the best),
Carry the Garland from the rest.
In Wicker-baskets Maids shall bring
To thee (my dearest Shepharling)
The blushing Apple, bashful Pear,
And shame-fac't Plum (all simp'ring there).
Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find
The name of *Phillis* in the Rind
Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree;
Where kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.
To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,
Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,
This, the alluring Hook might be
Less for to catch a sheep, then me.
Thou shalt have Possets, Wassails fine,
Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine;
To make thy Maids and self free mirth,
All sitting near the glitt'ring Hearth.
Thou sha't have Ribbands, Roses, Rings,
Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shoes, and Strings
Of winning Colours, that shall move
Others to Lust, but me to Love.
These (nay) and more, thine own shall be,
If thou wilt love, and live with me.

The Night-piece to Julia

1. HER Eyes the Glow-worm lend thee,
The Shooting Stars attend thee,
And the Elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

2. No *Will-o'-th'-Wisp* mis-light thee ;
Nor Snake, or Slow-worm bite thee :
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.

3. Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the Moon do's slumber ?
The Stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like Tapers clear without number.

4. Then *Julia* let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me :
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

MARVELL

Bermudas

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song :

" What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs ;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air ;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows ;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice ;
With cedars chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land,

And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore ;
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm, alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill;
Nor do I for all this, nor will:
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Even beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.
Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,

One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me : nay, and I know
What he said then, I'm sure I do :
Said he, " Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer."
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled ;
This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this ; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent ;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game : it seemed to bless
Itself in me ; how could I less
Than love it ? O, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did ; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he ;
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better then
The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed ;

And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And, when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem to bleed
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.

But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold :
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
O help ! O help ! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint !
See how it weeps ! the tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam ; so
The holy frankincense doth flow ;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.
I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in Diana's shrine.
Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go ;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-like lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast : for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.
First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble ; and withal,
Let it be weeping too ; but there
The engraver sure his art may spare ;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep, though I be stone,

Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there;
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

The Garden

(Translated)

HOW vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays ;
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose !

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow ;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas ! they know or heed,
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your bark I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;

There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new ;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we !
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers ?

To His Coy Mistress

HAD we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find : I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews ;
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow ;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze ;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest ;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,

Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song ; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust :
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron gates of life ;
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

DRYDEN

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHT YOUNG LADY

Mrs. Anne Killigrew,

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING

An Ode

I

THOU youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,
Made in the last Promotion of the *Blest ;*
Whose Palms, new pluckt from Paradise,
In spreading *Branches* more sublimely rise,
Rich with Immortal Green above the rest :
Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring Star,
Thou rol'st above us in thy wand'ring Race,
Or, in Procession fixt and regular,
Mov'd with the Heavens Majestick pace ;
Or, call'd to more Superior *Bliss*,
Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast *Abyss :*
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy Celestial Song a little space ;
(Thou wilt have time enough for Hymns Divine,
Since Heav'ns Eternal Year is thine.)
Hear then a Mortal Muse thy praise rehearse
In no ignoble Verse ;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,

When thy first Fruits of Poesy were given,
To make thyself a welcome Inmate there ;
While yet a young Probationer,
And Candidate of Heav'n.

2

If by Traduction came thy Mind,
Our Wonder is the less to find
A Soul so charming from a Stock so good ;
Thy Father was transfus'd into thy *Blood :*
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
(An early, rich, and inexhausted Vein).
But if thy Pre-existing Soul
Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,
It did through all the Mighty Poets roll
Who *Greek* or *Latin* Laurels wore,
And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, *O Heav'n-born Mind !*
Thou hast no *Dross* to purge from thy Rich Ore :
Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find
Than was the *Beauteous* Frame she left behind :
Return, to fill or mend the Quire of thy Celestial kind.

3

May we presume to say, that at thy *Birth*,
New joy was sprung in HEAV'N as well as here on *Earth ?*
For sure the Milder Planets did combine
On thy *Auspicious* Horoscope to shine,
And ev'n the most Malicious were in Trine.

Thy *Brother-Angels* at thy *Birth*
Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the People of the Sky
Might know a Poetess was born on Earth.
And then if ever, Mortal Ears
Had heard the Music of the Spheres!
And if no clust'ring Swarm of *Bees*
On thy sweet Mouth distill'd their golden Dew,
'Twas that, such vulgar Miracles
Heav'n had not Leisure to renew:
For all the *Blest* Fraternity of Love
Solemniz'd there thy *Birth*, and kept thy Holyday above.

4

O Gracious God! How far have we
Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose Harmony was first ordain'd *Above*,
For Tongues of *Angels* and for *Hymns* of *Love!*
Oh wretched We! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay, added fat Pollutions of our own)
T' increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage?
What can we say t' excuse our *Second Fall?*
Let this thy *Vestal*, Heav'n, atone for all:
Her *Arethusian* Stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmixt with Foreign Filth and undefil'd,
Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a Child

5

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that Want supply:
So rich in Treasures of her Own,
She might our boasted Stores defy:
Such Noble Vigour did her Verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her Morals too were in her *Bosom* bred
By great Examples daily fed,
What in the best of *Books*, her Father's Life, she read.
And to be read her self she need not fear;
Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,
Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there.
Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse exprest),
Was but a Lambent-flame which play'd about her *Breast:*
Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream,
So cold herself, whilst she such Warmth exprest,
'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream.

6

Born to the Spacious Empire of the Nine,
One wou'd have thought, she should have been content
To manage well that Mighty Government;
But what can young ambitious Souls confine?
To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway,
For *Painture* near adjoining lay,
A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey.

A *Chamber of Dependences* was fram'd,
(As Conquerors will never want Pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' Offence),
And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry she claim'd.
The Country open lay without Defence ;
For Poets frequent Inroads there had made,
And perfectly cou'd represent
The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament ;
And all the large Domains which the Dumb-sister sway'd ;
All bow'd beneath her Government,
Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe'r she went.
Her Pencil drew whate're her Soul design'd
And oft the *happy Draught* surpass'd the *Image* in her *Mind.*
The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks
And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,
Of shallow *Brooks* that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear ;
Of deeper too and ampler Floods
Which as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods ;
Of lofty Trees, with Sacred Shades
And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,
Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear,
And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The Ruins too of some Majestic Piece,
Boasting the Pow'r of ancient *Rome* or *Greece*,
Whose Statues, Friezes, Columns, broken lie,
And, tho' defac'd, the Wonder of the Eye ;

What *Nature*, *Art*, bold *Fiction*, e'er durst frame,
Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name.
So strange a Concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopl'd *Ark* the whole Creation bore.

7

The Scene then chang'd; with bold Erected Look
Our Martial King the sight with Reverence strook:
For, not content t' express his Outward Part,
Her hand call'd out the Image of his Heart.
His Warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,
His High-designing *Thoughts* were figur'd there,
As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made appear.
Our Phœnix queen was portrai'd too so bright,
Beauty alone cou'd *Beauty* take so right:
Her Dress, her Shape, her matchless Grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly Face.
With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,
As in that Day she took the Crown from Sacred hands:
Before a Train of Heroines was seen,
In *Beauty* foremost, as in Rank, the Queen!
Thus nothing to her Genius was deny'd,
But like a *Ball* of Fire, the farther thrown,
Still with a greater *Blaze* she shone,
And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side.
What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows:
To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose
That Fate alone its Progress cou'd oppose.

8

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,
The well-proportion'd Shape and beauteous Face,
Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes ;
In Earth the much-lamented Virgin lies !
Not Wit nor Piety cou'd Fate prevent ;
Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content
To finish all the Murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her *Life* and *Beauty* too ;
But, like a hardn'd Felon, took a pride
To work more Mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double Sacrilege on things Divine,
To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine !
But thus *Orinda* dy'd :
Heav'n, by the same Disease, did both translate,
As equal were their Souls, so equal was their fate.

9

Mean time, her *Warlike Brother* on the Seas
His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,
And vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays.
Ah, Generous Youth ! that Wish forbear,
The Winds too soon will waft thee here !
Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home !
No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's Face,
Thou hast already had her last Embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,

Among the *Pleiad's*, a New-kindl'd star,
If any sparkles, than the rest, more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

10

When in mid-Air the Golden Trump shall sound,
To raise the Nations under ground;
When in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*
The Judging God shall close the book of Fate;
And there the last *Assizes* keep
For those who Wake and those who Sleep;
When rattling *Bones* together fly
From the four Corners of the Sky,
When Sinews o'er the Skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead;
The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,
And foremost from the Tomb shall bound:
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing,
Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning sing.
There *Thou*, sweet Saint, before the Quire shalt go,
As Harbinger of Heav'n, the Way to show,
The Way which thou so well hast learn'd below.

Alexander's Feast, or The Power of Musique

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY: 1697

I

'TWAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won,
By *Philip's* Warlike Son:
Aloft in awful State
The God-like Heroe sate
On his Imperial Throne;
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound.
(So should Desert in Arms be Crown'd:)
The lovely *Thais* by his side,
Sate like a blooming *Eastern* Bride
In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.
Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

II

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful Quire
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre :
The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
And Heav'nly Joys inspire.
The Song began from *Jove ;*
Who left his blissful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :
Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,
When He to fair *Olympia* press'd :
And while He sought her snowy Breast :
Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of the World.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A present Deity, they shout around :
A present Deity, the vaulted Roofs rebound.
With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.

CHORUS

With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.

III

The Praise of *Bacchus* then the sweet Musician sung,
Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets; beat the Drums;
Flush'd with a purple Grace
He shows his honest Face:
Now give the Hautboys breath; He comes, He comes.
Bacchus ever Fair and Young
Drinking Joys did first ordain;
Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure;
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

CHORUS

Bacchus *Blessings are a Treasure;*
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

IV

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battails o'er again;
And thrice He routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The Master saw the Madness rise,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;

And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.
He chose a Mournful Muse,
Soft Pity to infuse;
He sung *Darius* Great and Good,
By too severe a Fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high Estate,
And weltring in his Blood:
Deserted at his utmost Need
By those his former Bounty fed;
On the bare Earth expos'd He lies,
With not a Friend to close his Eyes.
With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole,
And Tears began to flow.

CHORUS

Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole,
And Tears began to flow.

V

The Mighty Master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next Degree;
'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move,
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.
War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble;
Honour but an empty Bubble.
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the World be worth thy Winning,
Think, O think, it worth Enjoying.
Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.
The Many rend the Skies, with loud applause;
So Love was Crown'd, but Musique won the Cause.
The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair
Who caus'd his Care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

CHORUS

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair
Who caus'd his Care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

VI

Now strike the Golden Lyre again ;
A lowder yet, and yet a lowder Strain.
Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head ;
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
See the Furies arise !
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes !
Behold a ghastly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand !
Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battail were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the Plain :
Give the Vengeance due
To the Valiant Crew
Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods.
The Princes applaud with a furious Joy ;
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau with Zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

CHORUS

And the King seiz'd a Flambeau with Zeal to destroy ;
Thais *led the way,*
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another Hellen, *fir'd another Troy.*

VII

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute
And sounding Lyre,
Cou'd swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft Desire.
At last Divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame ;
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown :
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies ;
She drew an Angel down.

GRAND CHORUS

At last Divine Cecilia *came,*
Inventress of the Vocal Frame ;
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,

And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus *yield the Prize,*
Or both divide the Crown:
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day

November 22, 1687

1

FROM Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony
This universal Frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atomes lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their Stations leap,
And MUSICK'S pow'r obey.
From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal Frame began:
From Harmony to Harmony
Through all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

2

What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell?
When *Jubal* struck the corded Shell,
His listening Brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their Faces fell
To worship that Celestial Sound:

Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that Shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell ?

3

The TRUMPETS loud Clangor
Excites us to Arms
With shrill Notes of Anger
And mortal Alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thund'ring DRUM
Cryes, Heark the Foes come ;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

4

The soft complaining FLUTE
In dying Notes discovers
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling LUTE.

5

Sharp VIOLINS proclaim
Their jealous Pangs and Desperation,
Fury, frantick Indignation,
Depth of Pains and Height of Passion,
For the fair, disdainful Dame.

6

But oh! what Art can teach
What human Voice can reach
The sacred ORGANS Praise?
Notes inspiring holy Love,
Notes that wing their heavenly Ways
To mend the Choires above.

7

Orpheus cou'd lead the savage race,
And Trees unrooted left their Place,
Sequacious of the Lyre;
But bright CECILIA rais'd the Wonder high'r:
When to her Organ vocal Breath was given,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the Pow'r of Sacred Lays
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's Praise
To all the bless'd above;
So, when the last and dreadful Hour
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The TRUMPET shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And MUSICK shall untune the Sky.

POPE

The Dunciad

To Dr. Jonathan Swift

BOOK I

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate:
You by whose care, in vain decried, and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.
O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,

Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.
Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caused by emptiness.
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence journals, medleys, merc'ries, magazines:
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub Street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone;
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic justice, with her lifted scale,

Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till Genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similes unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance!
How tragedy and comedy embrace;
How farce and epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green.
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;

Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fool's-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when Thorold rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in creams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire impress'd and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each she marks her image full express'd,
But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast:
Bays, form'd by Nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.

Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.
Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
Blasphemed his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate.
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipp'd through cracks and zig-zags of the head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipped, how there he plundered snug,
And sucked all o'er, like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucified Molière;
There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wished he had blotted for himself before.
The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dressed in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great ;
There, stamped with arms, Newcastle shines complete :
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire :
A Gothic library ! of Greece and Rome
Well purged, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none ;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasped in wood, and one in strong cow-hide.
There saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear ;
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.
Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeemed from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspired he seizes ; these an altar raise ;
An hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
That altar crowns ; a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base ;
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre ;
A twisted birthday ode completes the spire.
Then he : " Great tamer of all human art !
First in my care, and ever at my heart ;
Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays ;
O thou ! of bus'ness the directing soul !
To this our head like bias to the bowl,

Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplexed mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below:
Me emptiness and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some dæmon stole my pen (forgive the offence)
And once betrayed me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my fops appear confined?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never failed to move.
Yet sure had Heav'n decreed to save the state,
Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?

Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my God ?
Or chaired at White's amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit ?
Or bidst thou rather party to embrace ?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race ;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist ;
To dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal ?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories ?
Hold—to the minister I more incline ;
To serve his cause, O queen ! is serving thine.
And see ! thy very gazetteers give o'er,
Even Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains ? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear ;
This polished hardness, that reflects the peer :
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights ;
This mess, tossed up of Hockley-hole and White's,
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
" O born in sin, and forth in folly brought !
Works damned, or to be damned ! (your father's fault)
Go, purified by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny !
Unstained, untouched, and yet in maiden sheets ;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.

Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land;
Not sail with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire;
Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at one be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroyed are swept to things unborn."
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the seven-fold face;
And thrice he lifted high the birthday brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns;
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires;
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Molière's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gushed again, as from pale Priam's eyes
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Roused by the light, old Dulness heaved the head,
Then snatched a sheet of Thulé from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place ;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face :
Great in her charms ! as when on shrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome :
Well pleased he entered, and confessed his home.
So spirits ending their terrestrial race
Ascend, and recognise their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall :
Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
And here she planned th' imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows ;
Prose swelled to verse, verse loit'ring into prose :
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind ;
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are frittered quite away.
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail :
How, with less reading than makes felons scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A vast, vamped, future, old, revived, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And lo ! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl)

Perched on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son: the promised land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With 'Fool of Quality' completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound, ye viols; be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aide-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-armed with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub Street skulk behind the king.
"O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine."
She ceased. Then swells the chapel-royal throat:
"God save King Cibber!" mounts in every note.

Familiar White's, " God save King Colley ! " cries ;
" God save King Colley ! " Drury Lane replies :
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God :
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And " Coll ! " each butcher roars at Hockley Hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croaked, " God save King Log ! "

BOOK II

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
Great Cibber sate : The proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix in his look : all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze :
His peers shine round him with reflected grace :
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam in shallow urns
Heav'ns twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.
Not with more glee, by hands pontific crowned,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,

Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,
Throned on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.
And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims,
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land,
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true dunces in her cause appeared,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'er-looked the Strand.
But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane.
With authors, stationers obeyed the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She formed this image of well-bodied air;
With pert flat eyes she windowed well its head:
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;

And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !
Never was dashed out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and called the phantom Moore.
All gaze with ardour : some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and laced suit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose :
" This prize is mine ; who tempt it are my foes ;
With me began this genius, and shall end."
He spoke : and who with Lintot shall contend ?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl, " Behold that rival here !
The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won ;
So take the hindmost, hell," (he said) and run.
Swift as a bard that bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot and outstripped the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops :
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legged Jacob seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanced that morn to make :
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
Here fortuned Curl to slide ; loud shout the band,

And "Bernard! Bernard!" rings through all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewrayed,
Fallen in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff vaticide conceived a prayer.
"Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any god's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms."
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply:
Amused he reads, and then returns the bills
Signed with that Ichor which from gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she picked her vot'ry's prayer,
And placed it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the temple-wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fished her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favoured him, and favours yet.

Renewed by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oiled with magic juices for the course,
Vigorous he rises ; from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along ;
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretched his eager hand,
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seemed to stand ;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care ;
His papers light fly diverse, tossed in air ;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroidered suit at least he deemed his prey ;
That suit an unpaid tailor snatched away,
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so fluttered, and that once so writ.
Heaven rings with laughter. Of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own Grub Street choir,
She decked like Congreve, Addison, and Prior ;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run : delusive thought !
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone :
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John ;
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the goddess : " Son ! thy grief lay down,

And turn this whole illusion on the town :
As the sage dame, experienced in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each battered jade
(When hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries) ;
Be thine, my stationer ! this magic gift ;
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift :
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison."
With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus old, or Dunton's modern bed ;
Instructive work ! whose wry-mouthed portraiture
Displayed the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgelled might ye view ;
The very worsted still look black and blue.
Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies ;
And " Oh ! " (he cried) " what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows ?
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green ! "
See in the circle next, Eliza placed,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist ;
Fair as before her works she stands confessed,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dressed.

The goddess then : " Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far streaming to the sky ;
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China jordan let the chief o'ercome
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife).
One on his manly confidence relies ;
One on his vigour and superior size.
First Osborne leaned against his lettered post ;
It rose, and laboured to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round,
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drowned)
A second effort brought but new disgrace :
The wild Mæander washed the artist's face ;
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curl ; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourished o'er his head.
So (famed like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns ;
Through half the heavens he pours the exalted urn ;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes :
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumphest, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleased dame soft smiling, leadest away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crowned with the jordan, walks contented home.

But now for authors nobler palms remain ;
" Room for my lord ! " three jockeys in his train ;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair :
He grins and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
" He wins this patron, who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state :
With ready quills the dedicators wait ;
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace :
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas :
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the puffed orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;
Unlucky Welsted ! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein ;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows ! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
As, taught by Venus, Paris learned the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part ;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off his grace's secretary.

"Now turn to diff'rent sports," (the goddess cries)
"And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespear's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell;
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe:
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass."
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
"Hold!" (cried the queen) "a cat-call each shall win:
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend."
As, when the long-eared milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake:

Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So swells each wind-pipe ; ass intones to ass ;
Harmonic twang ! of leather, horn, and brass ;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sound, attempered to the vocal nose ;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine ;
There, Webster ! pealed thy voice, and Whitfield ! thine.
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain ;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
In Tott'nham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze ;
'Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round ;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.
This labour passed, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end)
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
" Here strip, my children ! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.

Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the weekly journals bound ;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best ;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands ;
Then, sighing, thus, " And am I now three-score ?
Ah why, ye gods, should two and two make four ? "
He said, and climbed a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next Smedley dived, slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that closed, and oped no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost ;
" Smedley " in vain resounds through all the coast.
Then essayed ; scarce vanished out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light :
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.
True to the bottom see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded native of the deep ;
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies ;
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plunged a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back :
Sons of a day ! just buoyant on the flood,
Then numbered with the puppies in the mud.

Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe, (her children gone)
Sits mother Osborne, stupefied to stone !
And monumental brass this record bears,
" These are,—ah no ! these were, the gazetteers ! '
Not so bold Arnall ; with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.
The plunging prelate, and his pond'rous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo ! a burst of thunder shook the flood ;
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud ;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares ;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien the mud-nymphs sucked him in :
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravished long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,

That tinctured as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's off'rings to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the temple creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose,
They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
"Receive" (he said) "these robes which once were mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
He ceased, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthened dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any God, or man.
Through Lud's famed gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street;
Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, replenished from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.

" Ye critics ! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails ;
Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers ;
Attend the trial we propose to make :
If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye ;
To him we grant our amplest powers to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit ;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong ;
Full and eternal privilege of tongue."

Three college sophs, and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same ;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate,
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring ;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is hushed with mugs of mum,
Till all, tuned equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in lone lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on ;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose ;
At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow :
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.

Thrice Budgel aimed to speak, but thrice supprest
By potent Arthur, knocked his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bowed to *Christ no kingdom here.*
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are rolled the books; stretched o'er them lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes;
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion, from one circle to the rest;
So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail;
Motteux himself unfinished left his tale;
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er;
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Blessed with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hushed, as folly's self lay dead.
Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretched on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder marched, with magistrates in state,
To some famed round-house, ever open gate!

How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seemed a priest in drink :
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat.

BOOK III

BUT in her temple's last recess enclosed,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head reposed.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refined from reason know.
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods :
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.
And now, on fancy's easy wings conveyed,
The king descending views the Elysian shade.
A slip-shod sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song ;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never washed, but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more.)
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows ;
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.

Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof impenetrably dull :
Instant, when dipped, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.
  Wondering he gazed : when lo ! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before :
All as the vest, appeared the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another, yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son.
  " Oh, born to see what none can see awake !
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touched this sacred shore ;
The hand of Bavius drenched thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state ?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll ?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid ?
How many stages through old monks she rid ?

And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mixed the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides ; then back their circles bring ;
Or whirligigs twirled round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again :
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view :
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
Shall, first recalled, rush forward to thy mind :
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

" Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag displayed,
And all the nations covered in her shade.

" Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And Orient science their bright course begun :
One god-like monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds ;
Heavens ! what a pile ! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

" Thence to the south extend thy gladdened eyes ;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all the physic of the soul.

How little, mark ! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall :
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise !
Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns !
See Alaric's stern port ! the martial frame
Of Genseric ! and Attila's dread name !
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall ;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul !
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore,
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the Western world believe and sleep.
" Lo ! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore :
Her grey-haired synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even the antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See the cirque falls, the unpillared temple nods,
Streets paved with heroes, Tiber choked with gods :
Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn ;
See, graceless Venus to a virgin turned,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burned.

" Behold, yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowled, uncowled, shod, unshod,
Peeled, patched, and piebald, Linsey-Wolsey brothers,
Grave mummers ! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—happy ! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great goddess, ever be adored ;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword !
Thus visit not thy own ! on this blest age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage !
" And see, my son ! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway :
This fav'rite isle, long severed from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through fate ! behold the scene she draws !
What aids, what armies to assert her cause !
See all her progeny, illustrious sight !
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god :
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crowned
Shall take through Grub Street her triumphant round ;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce.
" Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face,

With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
" A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.
" Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.
Lo, Popple's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
Lo, sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass;
Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damned to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.
" Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls
And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls!
" Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way, and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,

Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never
clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
"Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starred rage
Divides a friendship long confirmed by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor;
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
"Behold yon pair, in strict embraces joined;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a *Pasquin*, that a *Grumbler* write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner.
"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preservest the dulness of the past!
"There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark.
A lumber-house of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
"But, where each science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her pot, divinity her pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;

Embrowned with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
Oh, great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!
Oh, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and Woolston's days.
"Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One dispense;
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unawed,
But, learn, ye dunces! not to scorn your God."
Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud returned—and thus the sire:
"See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!

See what the charms that smite the simple heart
Not touched by Nature, and not reached by art."
His never-blushing head he turned aside,
(Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied)
And looked, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a wingéd volume flies ;
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horned fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on earth :
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own :
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies ;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo ! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought ;
" What power," he cries, " what power these wonders wrought ?
Son, what thou seek'st is in thee ! look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet wouldst thou more ? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsnet skirts are edged with flamy gold,
A matchless youth ! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.

Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground :
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich ! how calm he sits at ease
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease ;
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
" But lo ! to dark encounter in mid air
New Wizards rise ; I see my Cibber there !
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrined,
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's Inn ;
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
" And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown ?
Unknown to thee ? these wonders are thy own.
These fate reserved to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah ! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I ruled, renowned
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound ;
Though my own aldermen conferred the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars ;
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphets, and for roasting popes ;
Yet lo ! in me what authors have to brag on !
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.

Avert it, Heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coached, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And ev'ry year be duller than the last.
Till raised from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er screamed before!
To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato, thou for this shalt join.
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grub Street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire.
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

"Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and reappear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferred for wit!
See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall;
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends;
Gay dies unpensioned with a hundred friends;
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

"Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolved in port!"

"Enough! enough!" the raptured monarch cries;
And through the iv'ry gate the vision flies.

BOOK IV

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil, the deep intent.
Ye pow'rs! whose mysteries restored I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.
Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and withered ev'ry bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below revealed;
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.
Beneath her footstool, Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains,
There foamed rebellious Logic, gagged and bound,
There, stripped, fair Rhet'ric languished on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.

Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
(Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,)
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word.
Mad Máthesis alone was unconfined,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
Watched both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye :
There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast ;
But sober History restrained her rage,
And promised vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head ;
Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield ! a tear refuse,
Thou wep'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.
When lo ! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye :
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside :
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripped and laughed, too pretty much to stand ;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.
" *O Cara ! Cara !* silence all that train :
Joy to great Chaos ! let division reign :
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves and fritter all their sense :

One trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage ;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry *encore*.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense.
Strong in new arms, lo ! Giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands ;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's Drums.
Arrest him, empress ; or you sleep no more—— "
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summoned to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head ;
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess and cohered around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.
The gath'ring number as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.

Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another in toupee or gown ;
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great ;
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal ;
Or, impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head ;
Or vest dull flatt'ry in the sacred gown ;
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.
There marched the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhymed for hire, and patronised for pride.
Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power,
Looked a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There moved Montalto with superior air ;
His stretched-out arm displayed a volume fair ;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he passed, and bowed from side to side ;
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Composed he stood, bold Benson thrust him by :
On two unequal crutches propped he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retired with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and closed the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appeared Apollo's mayor and aldermen,

On whom three hundred gold-capped youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.
When Dulness, smiling—" Thus revive the wits !
But murder first, and mince them all to bits ;
As erst Medea (cruel so to save !)
A new edition of old Æson gave ;
Let standard authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hacked and torn.
And you, my critics ! in the chequered shade,
Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.
Leave not a foot or verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own ;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at ev'ry wit,
And while on fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinioned to their side."
Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present their first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When lo ! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand ;
His beavered brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs ;
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place :

The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus: "Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways; the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain;
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er designed,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? A very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Wyndham ev'ry muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray, was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reached the work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.
"Oh" (cried the goddess) "for some pedant reign!

Some gentle James, to bless the land again ;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar school !
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O ! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king ;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign :
May you, may Cam and Isis, preach it long !
The Right Divine of kings to govern wrong."
  Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal :
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis ! wanting to the day,
[Though Christchurch long kept prudishly away].
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dashed through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare Hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them marched that awful Aristarch ;
Ploughed was his front with many a deep remark :

His hat, which never vailed to human pride,
Walker with reverence took and laid aside.
Low bowed the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better:
Author of something yet more great than letter;
While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hashed before,
Or chewed by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:

How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see
When man's whole frame is obvious to a *flea.*

" Ah, think not, mistress ! more true dulness lies
In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a *νοῦς*.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoiled the flock.
See ! still thy own, the heavy cannon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read :
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it :
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

" What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run through ev'ry school ?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none ;
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, be persecute with rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse :
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce ;

Or set on metaphysic ground to prance
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and laced governor from France.
Walker ! our hat——" nor more he deigned to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.
In flowed at once a gay embroidered race,
And tittering pushed the pedants off the place :
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drowned
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen.
When thus th' attendant orator begun,
" Receive, great empress ! thy accomplished son :
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant ! never scared with God.
The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake :
The mother begged the blessing of a rake.
Thou gavest that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceased so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man.
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past :
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunned with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew :
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.

There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
To happy convents, bosomed deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silvered vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;
Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamoured swain.
Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
And gathered ev'ry vice on Christian ground;
Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
His royal sense of operas or the fair;
The stews and palace equally explored,
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored:
Tried all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring dined;
Dropped the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoiled his own language, and acquired no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last turned *air*, the echo of a sound!
See now, half-cured, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;

As much estate, and principle, and wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
Stolen from a duel, followed by a nun,
And, if a borough choose him not, undone;
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive, (for her my soul adores)
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long posterity thy own."
Pleased, she accepts the hero, and the dame
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.
Then looked, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loit'rers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! she marked thee there,
Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pitied! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his gems, and cankered as his coins,
Came, crammed with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whispered first his prayer.

" Grant, gracious goddess ! grant me still to cheat,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit !
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise ;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis, gods, and mortals call an owl,
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet ! the pigeon at thine ear ;
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his lares, though his house be sold ;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own ;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true ;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two."
Mummius o'erheard him ; Mummius, fool-renowned,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swelled, and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head :
" Speakest thou of Syrian princes ? traitor base !
Mine, goddess ! mine is all the hornéd race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise ;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise ;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chased him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risked the Grecian gold,
Received each demi-god, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I revered them there,

I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine."
"Witness, great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,"
(Replied soft Annius) "this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the learned shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand."
The goddess smiling seemed to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crowned,
Each with some wondrous gift approached the power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal
And aspect ardent to the throne appeal.
The first thus opened: "Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I reared this flower,
Suckled, and cheered, with air, and sun, and shower,
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipped its head;
Then throned in glass, and named it Caroline:
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze?

Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo, the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
Oh, punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades!"
He ceased, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accused stood forth, and thus addressed the queen:
"Of all the enamelled race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shined this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r,
The rising game, and chased from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I followed; now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stopt; it moved, I moved again.
At last it fixed, 'twas on what plant it pleased,
And where it fixed, the beauteous bird I seized:
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair even in death! this peerless butterfly."
"My sons!" (she answered) "both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.

The common soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake :
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirred ;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird ;
The most recluse, discreetly opened, find
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind ;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss ;
The head that turns at super-lunar things,
Poised with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
" O ! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies !
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape :
Learn but to trifle, or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve ! "
" Be that my task " (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark ;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatise :)
" Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's cause through Nature led
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride !

We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God ;
Make Nature still encroach upon His plan ;
And shove Him off as far as e'er we can :
Thrust some mechanic cause into His place ;
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all His laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause,
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born :
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
Oh hide the God still more ! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee :
Wrapped up in self, a God without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptured vision saw,
While through poetic scenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves ;
That Nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores."
Roused at his name, up rose the bousy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire ;
Then snapped his box, and stroked his belly down,
Rosy and rev'rend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and called the Goddess dame :
Then thus : " From priest-craft happily set free,
Lo ! ev'ry finished son returns to thee :

First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party ; child and man the same ;
Bounded by Nature, narrowed still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smiled on by a queen ?
Marked out for honours, honoured for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth :
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down, in pension, or in punk !
So K* so B** sneaked into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W** nipped in folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now ? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast !
Thy Magus, Goddess ! shall perform the rest."
With that, a wizard old his cup extends ;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and like Endymion dies :
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain ; and principle is fled ;
Lost is his God, his country, ev'rything ;
And nothing left but homage to a king !
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs,
But, sad example ! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild ;

And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the flatt'rer or dependant paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest that waves on party-coloured wings:
Turned to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.
Others the siren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learned to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son of a fool.
On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *sève* and *verdeur* of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.

Knight lifts the head, for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one ?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguished sort,
Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court,
Impale a glow-worm, or vertú profess,
Shine in the dignity of F.R.S.
Some, deep Freemasons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place :
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws.
Then, blessing all, " Go, children of my care !
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full :
My sons ! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne :
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his grace ;
With staff and pumps the marquis lead the race ;
From stage to stage the licensed earl may run,
Paired with his fellow-charioteer, the sun ;
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line ;

The judge to dance his brother sergeant call ;
The senator at cricket urge the ball ;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury !)
An hundred souls of turkeys in a pie ;
The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more !
And nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings.
Tyrant supreme ! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land ! "
More she had spoke, but yawned—All Nature nods :
What mortal can resist the yawn of Gods ?
Churches and chapels instantly it reached ;
(St. James's first, for leaden G—— preached)
Then catched the schools ; the hall scarce kept awake ;
The convocation gaped, but could not speak :
Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round :
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm ;
Even Palinurus nodded at the helm :
The vapour mild o'er each committee crept ;
Unfinished treaties in each office slept ;
And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign ;
And navies yawned for orders on the main.
O Muse ! relate, (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none,)

Relate, who first, who last resigned to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely, blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull.
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;
Till drowned was sense, and shame, and right, and wrong—
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval and of Chaos old!
Before her, fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
And metaphysic calls for aid on sense!

See mystery to mathematics fly !
In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine !
Lo ! thy dread empire, Chaos ! is restored ;
Light dies before thy uncreating word ;
Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

SMART

A Song to David

1763

I

O THOU, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high majestic tone,
To praise the King of Kings;
And voice of heav'n-ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excell,
Clear, as a clarion, rings:

II

To bless each valley, grove and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
Of gratitude in throngs;
To keep the days on Zion's mount,
And send the year to his account,
With dances and with songs:

III

O Servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou may'st now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

IV

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
  Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace;
Best man!—the swiftness and the race,
  The peril, and the prize!

V

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn and God's renown,
  Which is the people's voice;
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embrac'd the man—
  The man of God's own choice.

VI

Valiant—the word and up he rose—
The fight—he triumph'd o'er the foes,
  Whom God's just laws abhor;
And arm'd in gallant faith he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
  The weapons of the war.

VII

Pious—magnificent and grand;
'Twas he the famous temple plan'd:
  (The seraph in his soul)
Foremost to give his Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
  And foremost to condole.

VIII

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature good in grain,
  His aspect and his heart;
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
  And Shimei's blunted dart.

IX

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself innure
  To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance compleat,
  To play the sword and spear.

X

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, tow'ring tongue,
  To God th' eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrival'd royalty of thought,
  O'er meaner strains supreme.

XI

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
  The sabbath-day he blest;
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest prun'd,
And heavenly melancholy tun'd,
  To bless and bear the rest.

XII

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Rememb'ring, when he watch'd the fleece,
How sweetly Kidron purl'd—
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise
When God had calm'd the world.

XIII

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
In sempiternal night;
And hell, and horror, and despair
Were as the lion and the bear
To his undaunted might.

XIV

Constant—in love to God THE TRUTH,
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—
To Jonathan his friend
Constant, beyond the verge of death;
And Ziba, and Mephibosheth,
His endless fame attend.

XV

Pleasant—and various as the year;
Man, soul, and angel, without peer,
Priest, champion, sage and boy;
In armour, or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad;
Majestic was his joy.

XVI

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
Of all the most revil'd;
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer and praise,
And counsel to his child.

XVII

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage;
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
Th' Abishag of his age.

XVIII

He sung of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, pow'r, and enterprize
Commences, reigns, and ends.

XIX

Angels—their ministry and meed,
Which to and fro with blessings speed,
Or with their citterns wait;
Where Michael with his millions bows,
Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,
The cherub and her mate.

XX

Of man—the semblance and effect
Of God and Love—the Saint elect
For infinite applause—
To rule the land, and briny broad,
To be laborious in his laud,
And heroes in his cause.

XXI

The world—the clustring spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

XXII

Trees, plants, and flow'rs—of virtuous root;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm;
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweet'ners of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm.

XXIII

Of fowl—e'en ev'ry beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
That live in peace or prey;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the brave domestic cock,
The raven, swan, and jay.

XXIV

Of fishes—ev'ry size and shape,
Which nature frames of light escape,
  Devouring man to shun :
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
  And love the glancing sun.

XXV

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task ;
While the sleek tygers roll and bask,
  Nor yet the shades arouse :
Her cave the mining coney scoops ;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
  The kids exult and brouse.

XXVI

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which hid in earth from man's device,
  Their darts of lustre sheathe ;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp
  Among the mines beneath.

XXVII

Blest was the tenderness he felt
When to his graceful harp he knelt,
  And did for audience call ;
When satan with his hand he quell'd,
And in serene suspence he held
  The frantic throes of Saul.

XXVIII

His furious foes no more malign'd
As he such melody divin'd,
And sense and soul detain'd ;
Now striking strong, now soothing soft,
He sent the godly sounds aloft,
Or in delight refrain'd.

XXIX

When up to heav'n his thoughts he pil'd,
From fervent lips fair Michal smil'd,
As blush to blush she stood ;
And chose herself the queen, and gave
Her utmost from her heart, " so brave,
And plays his hymns so good."

XXX

The pillars of the Lord are seven,
Which stand from earth to topmost heav'n ;
His wisdom drew the plan ;
His WORD accomplish'd the design,
From brightest gem to deepest mine,
From CHRIST enthron'd to man.

XXXI

Alpha, the cause of causes, first
In station, fountain, whence the burst
Of light, and blaze of day ;
Whence bold attempt, and brave advance,
Have motion, life, and ordinance,
And heav'n itself its stay.

XXXII

Gamma supports the glorious arch
On which angelic legions march,
And is with sapphires pav'd;
Thence the fleet clouds are sent adrift,
And thence the painted folds, that lift
The crimson veil, are wav'd.

XXXIII

Eta with living sculpture breathes,
With verdant carvings, flow'ry wreathes
Of never-wasting bloom;
In strong relief his goodly base
All instruments of labour grace,
The trowel, spade, and loom.

XXXIV

Next Theta stands to the Supreme—
Who form'd, in number, sign, and scheme,
Th' illustrious lights that are;
And one address'd his saffron robe,
And one, clad in a silver globe,
Held rule with ev'ry star.

XXXV

Iota's tun'd to choral hymns
Of those that fly, while he that swims
In thankful safety lurks;
And foot, and chapitre, and niche,
The various histories enrich
Of God's recorded works.

XXXVI

Sigma presents the social droves,
With him that solitary roves,
And man of all the chief;
Fair on whose face, and stately frame,
Did God impress his hallow'd name,
For ocular belief.

XXXVII

OMEGA! GREATEST and the BEST,
Stands sacred to the day of rest,
For gratitude and thought;
Which bless'd the world upon his pole,
And gave the universe his goal,
And clos'd the infernal draught.

XXXVIII

O DAVID, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward
And infinite degree;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee!

XXXIX

There is but One who ne'er rebell'd,
But One by passion unimpell'd,
By pleasures unintice't;
He from himself his semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
And saw the God in CHRIST.

XL

Tell them I am, JEHOVA said
To MOSES ; while earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At one above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART.

XLI

Thou art—to give and to confirm,
For each his talent and his term ;
All flesh thy bounties share :
Thou shalt not call thy brother fool ;
The porches of the Christian school
Are meekness, peace, and pray'r.

XLII

Open, and naked of offence,
Man's made of mercy, soul, and sense ;
God arm'd the snail and wilk ;
Be good to him that pulls thy plough ;
Due food and care, due rest, allow
For her that yields thee milk.

XLIII

Rise up before the hoary head,
And God's benign commandment dread,
Which says thou shalt not die :
" Not as I will, but as thou wilt,"
Prays He whose conscience knew no guilt ;
With whose bless'd pattern vie.

XLIV

Use all thy passions !—love is thine,
And joy, and jealousy divine ;
  Thine hope's eternal fort,
And care thy leisure to disturb,
With fear concupiscence to curb,
  And rapture to transport.

XLV

Act simply, as occasion asks ;
Put mellow wine in season'd casks ;
  Till not with ass and bull :
Remember thy baptismal bond ;
Keep from commixtures foul and fond,
  Nor work thy flax with wool.

XLVI

Distribute : pay the Lord his tithe,
And make the widow's heart-strings blithe ;
  Resort with those that weep :
As you from all and each expect,
For all and each thy love direct,
  And render as you reap.

XLVII

The slander and its bearer spurn,
And propagating praise sojourn
  To make thy welcome last ;
Turn from old Adam to the New ;
By hope futurity pursue ;
  Look upwards to the past.

XLVIII

Controul thine eye, salute success,
Honour the wiser, happier bless,
  And for thy neighbour feel ;
Grutch not of mammon and his leaven,
Work emulation up to heaven
  By knowledge and by zeal.

XLIX

O David, highest in the list
Of worthies, on God's ways insist,
  The genuine word repeat :
Vain are the documents of men,
And vain the flourish of the pen
  That keeps the fool's conceit.

L

PRAISE above all—for praise prevails ;
Heap up the measure, load the scales,
  And good to goodness add :
The gen'rous soul her saviour aids,
But peevish obloquy degrades ;
  The Lord is great and glad.

LI

For ADORATION all the ranks
Of angels yield eternal thanks,
  And DAVID in the midst ;
With God's good poor, which, last and least
In man's esteem, thou to thy feast,
  O blessed bridegroom, bidst.

LII

For ADORATION seasons change,
And order, truth, and beauty range,
  Adjust, attract, and fill:
The grass the polyanthus cheques;
And polish'd porphyry reflects,
  By the descending rill.

LIII

Rich almonds colour to the prime
For ADORATION; tendrils climb;
  And fruit-trees pledge their gems;
And Ivis* with her gorgeous vest
Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
  And bell-flowers bow their stems.

LIV

With vinous syrup cedars spout;
From rocks pure honey gushing out,
  For ADORATION springs;
All scenes of painting crowd the map
Of nature; to the mermaid's pap
  The scaled infant clings.

LV

The spotted ounce and playsome cubs
Run rustling 'mongst the flow'ring shrubs,
  And lizards feed the moss;
For ADORATION beasts embark,
While waves upholding halcyon's ark
  No longer roar and toss.

* The humming-bird.

LVI

While Israel sits beneath his fig,
With coral root and amber sprig
The wean'd advent'rer sports ;
Where to the palm the jasmin cleaves,
For ADORATION 'mongst the leaves
The gale his peace reports.

LVII

Increasing days their reign exalt,
Nor in the pink and mottled vault
Th' opposing spirits tilt ;
And, by the coasting reader spied,
The silverlings and crusions glide
For ADORATION gilt.

LVIII

For ADORATION rip'ning canes
And cocoa's purest milk detains
The western pilgrim's staff ;
Where rain in clasping boughs inclos'd,
And vines with oranges dispos'd,
Embow'r the social laugh.

LIX

Now labour his reward receives,
For ADORATION counts his sheaves
To peace, her bounteous prince ;
The nectarine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes,
And quick peculiar quince.

LX

The wealthy crops of whit'ning rice,
'Mongst thyine woods and groves of spice,
For ADORATION grow;
And, marshall'd in the fenced land,
The peaches and pomegranates stand,
Where wild carnations blow.

LXI

The laurels with the winter strive;
The crocus burnishes alive
Upon the snow-clad earth:
For ADORATION myrtles stay
To keep the garden from dismay,
And bless the sight from dearth.

LXII

The pheasant shows his pompous neck;
And ermine, jealous of a speck,
With fear eludes offence:
The sable, with his glossy pride,
For ADORATION is descried,
Where frosts the wave condense.

LXIII

The chearful holly, pensive yew,
And holy thorn, their trim renew;
The squirrel hoards his nuts:
All creatures batten o'er their stores,
And careful nature all her doors
For ADORATION shuts.

LXIV

For ADORATION, DAVID'S psalms
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms ;
  And he, who kneels and chants,
Prevails his passions to controul,
Finds meat and med'cine to the soul,
  Which for translation pants.

LXV

For ADORATION, beyond match,
The scholar bulfinch aims to catch
  The soft flute's ivory touch ;
And, careless on the hazle spray,
The daring redbreast keeps at bay
  The damsel's greedy clutch.

LXVI

For ADORATION, in the skies,
The Lord's philosopher espies
  The Dog, the Ram, and Rose ;
The planets ring, Orion's sword ;
Nor is his greatness less ador'd
  In the vile worm that glows.

LXVII

For ADORATION on the strings
The western breezes work their wings,
  The captive ear to sooth.—
Hark ! 'tis a voice—how still, and small—
That makes the cataracts to fall,
  Or bids the sea be smooth.

LXVIII

For ADORATION, incense comes
From bezoar, and Arabian gums ;
And on the civet's fur.
But as for prayer, or e're it faints,
Far better is the breath of saints
Than galbanum and myrrh.

LXIX

For ADORATION from the down,
Of dam' sins to th' anana's crown,
God sends to tempt the taste ;
And while the luscious zest invites,
The sense, that in the scene delights,
Commands desire be chaste.

LXX

For ADORATION, all the paths
Of grace are open, all the baths
Of purity refresh ;
And all the rays of glory beam
To deck the man of God's esteem,
Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

LXXI

For ADORATION, in the dome
Of Christ the sparrows find an home ;
And on his olives perch :
The swallow also dwells with thee,
O man of God's humility,
Within his Saviour CHURCH.

LXXII

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes ;
  Sweet Hermon's fragrant air :
Sweet is the lilly's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
  That watch for early pray'r.

LXXIII

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence ;
  Sweet when the lost arrive :
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
  The choicest flow'rs to hive.

LXXIV

Sweeter in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle dove,
  Pair'd to thy swelling chord ;
Sweeter with ev'ry grace endu'd,
The glory of thy gratitude,
  Respir'd unto the Lord.

LXXV

Strong is the horse upon his speed ;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
  Which makes at once his game :
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground ;
Strong thro' the turbulent profound
  Shoots xiphias* to his aim.

* The sword-fish.

LXXVI

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
  His chest against the foes :
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide, th' enormous whale
  Emerges as he goes.

LXXVII

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of pray'r ;
  And far beneath the tide ;
And in the seat to faith assign'd,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
  Where knock is open wide.

LXXVIII

Beauteous the fleet before the gale ;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail.
  Rank'd arms and crested heads :
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
  And all the bloomy beds.

LXXIX

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn ;
And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,
  The virgin to her spouse :
Beauteous the temple deck'd and fill'd,
When to the heav'n of heav'n's they build
  Their heart-directed vows.

LXXX

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
The shepherd king upon his knees,
For his momentous trust;
With wish of infinite conceit,
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
And prostrate dust to dust.

LXXXI

Precious the bounteous widow's mite;
And precious, for extream delight,
The largess from the churl:
Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
And alba's blest imperial rays,
And pure cerulean pearl.

LXXXII

Precious the penitential tear;
And precious is the sigh sincere,
Acceptable to God:
And precious are the winning flow'rs,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers,
Bound on the hallow'd sod.

LXXXIII

More precious that diviner part
Of David, ev'n the Lord's own heart,
Great, beautiful, and new:
In all things where it was intent,
In all extreams, in each event,
Proof—answ'ring true to true.

LXXXIV

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;
  Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious th' almighty stretch'd-out arm;
  Glorious th' enraptured main:

LXXXV

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
  Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious hosanna from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
  Glorious the martyr's gore:

LXXXVI

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down
  By meekness, call'd thy Son;
Thou at stupendous truth believ'd,
And now the matchless deed's atchiev'd,
  DETERMINED, DARED, and DONE.

FINIS

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